The Wellesley Magazine

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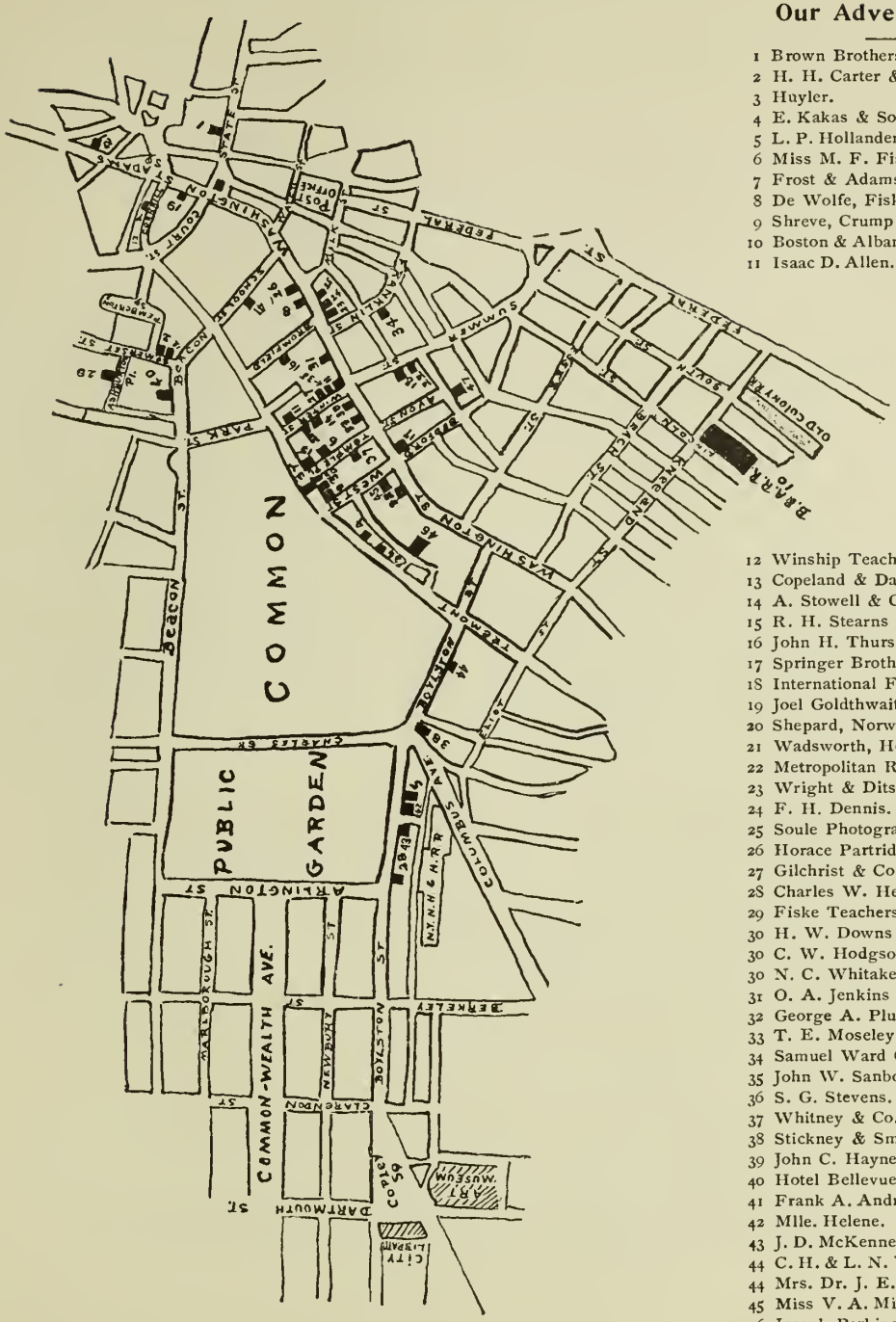

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THE COLLEGE PRODUCT.

THE cause of higher education needs at the present day no champion in America. The Philistine of prejudice which at other times and places has defied the forces of culture and enlightenment here lies prostrate, and it would be a sheer waste of the five smooth stones out of the brook were any enthusiastic young David to undertake his further discomfiture. But while colleges and universities are increasing with marvelous rapidity in size and number, in wealth and influence, and while the chorus of gratulation and applause grows louder and more unanimous, it may be well occasionally to step aside for a moment and endeavor to examine critically and impartially what are the actual results brought about by this vast and elaborate educational machinery that has been set in motion. It is desirable that we should know, not merely whether these results are on the whole good, but

whether they seem to be the very best possible, in order that if there be any cause for dissatisfaction we may come to learn what are the defects in the system, and how such defects may be corrected.

Now, if we ask what have the colleges done for the intellectual life of the country, we meet with facts that in one aspect are thoroughly satisfactory. The higher institutions of learning undeniably have been raising the standard of intelligence and knowledge in the community, and their moral influence in the great majority of cases has also been widely beneficial. The lives of millions throughout the country have been the better worth living because of the increased usefulness of men and women who have had the advantages of a collegiate training. If we realize all that this simple statement means, we must frankly admit that there is just and rational ground for pride and satisfaction.

But is there not another side of the shield that we cannot wisely ignore? I would venture to point out that if in examining the product of our colleges and universities we do not content ourselves with what is on the whole passably good, but ask for evidence of ability of a really high grade, we are apt to meet with disappointment. In watching the work done by American college graduates, I am continually impressed by an all-pervading mediocrity of attainments. It seldom falls very low, it never rises very high. I have used the phrase "educational machinery," and the words seem to me to have a somewhat ill-omened appropriateness. The college graduate too often bears the signs of being a machine-made article:—not by any means a badly-made article, rather one that is extremely useful for many purposes. He is, moreover, always bound to come up to a certain standard, for the college, like any other well-regulated factory, will refuse to stamp with its trade-mark and put upon the market the goods that have serious flaws. But we look in vain for the traces of originality, the stamp of a master mind, the *cachet* that denotes the genuine work of art. The ordinary college student during his four years' course gains much; he has his crudity toned down, his roughnesses smoothed away; he takes on a certain intellectual polish. If he possesses abilities of about the average amount, the contact with other minds is on the whole beneficial, and he gains in knowledge and in power. But if at the outset he is endowed with some germ of originality in character or of intellectual talent greater than that of most men, if he be one of those

"fortuitous variations" which nature now and then sends, are not the influences of his college life as likely to stifle as to develop the possibility of greatness? In a word, with our best endeavors to level up, do we not perhaps bring about also a deplorable leveling down?

Now this is a question concerning which sex distinctions do not count. If there is any force in the line of criticism which I have indicated, it applies fully as much to Harvard or Cornell as to Bryn Mawr or Wellesley. But the extraordinarily sudden emergence and rapid development of institutions for the higher education of women in the last quarter of a century provide an effective, if somewhat rough and ready, test of the facts on which such criticism is based. Considering the extremely limited opportunities for intellectual development that the last generation of women possessed, and how widespread now are the privileges of a collegiate training, we might not unreasonably expect that we should find a marked improvement in the quality, as well as an increase in the quantity, of the work done by women at the present day. But in so far as the production of really great work is concerned, no such advance can be claimed. Our women graduates include many industrious and useful laborers in the educational field, many conscientious and enlightened philanthropists, the writers of graceful verse, of readable essays, and of short stories that satisfy the expectation of the average magazine reader. But to convince ourselves that the achievement of the college woman, with a few exceptions, has not risen above a tolerable mediocrity, we have only to contrast with it the intellectual "output" of women in the period preceding the admission of our sex to the advantages of higher education. What names have we to match with those of Margaret Fuller and Mrs. Stowe, of George Eliot and George Sand, of Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning? And of our women contemporaries whose names are the least unworthy to be classed with these, how very few indeed are a part of the college product! Does not the suspicion inevitably arise that our boasted college training has a tendency to check originality and spontaneity, and to reduce the expression of vigorous personality to the dead level of the monotonous and commonplace?

Moreover, this tendency toward the production of a respectable but somewhat tame mediocrity appears not only in regard to the intellectual activity that is called out, but to some extent in the kind of character that

the college life produces. The individual is apt to lose something of his individuality. If they are mere excrescences that are lost, the meaningless eccentricities or youthful conceits that a wholesome contact with his fellows rubs off, then there is actual gain. But sometimes the change affects what is really essential to a healthy personality. The life of the student is absorbed in the life of the mass; he breathes a special mental atmosphere; he learns to think in a given way, to act in a given way. The result is conformity to a type. We see the Harvard type, the Princeton type, the Wellesley type. All excellent, no doubt; many a man and woman is distinctly improved by being brought up through the imperceptible influences of the college environment to a level with the college standard of conduct and character. Only, once more, there is apt to be some danger of loss of individuality, of that which makes each of us different from his fellows. Nature makes no two leaves in the forest alike; it is we, clumsily striving to perfect her creation, who are too careful of the type, too careless of the single life. If there be any substantial ground for even a slight feeling of dissatisfaction with our college product, we are impelled to ask where the fault lies, and how we can work for its correction. The subject is a difficult one, and I only venture to offer a few suggestions, less from any conviction of their being sufficient than from the hope that some of my readers may find them useful points of departure from which to think out for themselves a more satisfactory solution of the problem.

I believe that with our present methods of teaching in colleges there is too much wholesale work attempted. Something no doubt depends upon the stage of their scholastic course which the students have reached; much depends on the character of the subject taught. But, speaking broadly, I believe that far more satisfactory results would be reached if the students were taught in small groups instead of large classes. In a large class the material before the teacher is necessarily of different grades: either he must speak "over the heads" of those who are comparatively slow at comprehension, or he must say the things that are obvious and trite to the best minds under his charge, thus taking the edge off their intellectual appetite, and, perhaps, inducing that spirit of self-complacency—the most fatal blight that can fall on any of us—arising from the consciousness that no special effort is needed in order to apprehend what is being presented. I think it must be admitted

that the English Universities, in spite of their extreme conservatism, and the antiquated and cumbrous character of their system, yet turn out a product in men of distinguished ability that bears a higher proportion to the total mental ability of their country, than does the product of American colleges and universities to the ability of this nation. The leaders of thought, of literature, and of statesmanship are in Great Britain almost always university men; but what is the rule there is the exception on this side of the Atlantic. Something, no doubt, must be allowed for differences in social conditions and in secondary education; but I think that to some extent the result is due to the greater importance attached to individual training, the instruction being mainly carried on by tutors who read with pupils singly or in small groups.

Again, is there not in our system of higher education too little recognition of the essential differences in aim and in possibilities of attainment between the ordinary young man or woman with moderate mental powers, who wants a good education and the intellectual and social advantages of college life, but who has no special gift for scholarship in its higher sense, and the student of more marked ability and higher ambition? Both classes have a claim on the college, but they have not the same goal in view, and they need different kinds of discipline and stimulus. By accepting the elective system most colleges admit the right of the student to choose his own line of development; but they do not, perhaps, sufficiently recognize his right to say how far he means to go, and to have the nature of his college course determined thereby.

But the individual teacher, as well as the system, must accept the responsibility for any defect in the college product, and perhaps we may admit that there is too great a tendency on the part of instructors to look with favor upon the students who are the most docile and receptive. The more earnest we are, the more do we try to impress ourselves upon those under our charge. We want them to see truths as we see them, to be in sympathy with our appreciations, to do their work in our way. But docility is not a cardinal virtue for the student, however much his possession of it may lighten the task of his teacher. It is easier to shape a piece of putty than to train a plant; but the plant is alive and will grow, while the putty is but dead stuff. There is brought to my mind an interesting article, by Francis

Galton, on the wild cattle of South Africa. These cattle are so gregarious that ordinarily none of them will separate himself from the herd even for a single minute, and if accidentally separated an ox will suffer agonies of dread till he can regain his fellows. This peculiarity is a great convenience to the herdsmen, but it makes it very difficult to find an animal with sufficient self-reliance to be placed at the head of a team. Hence, the men who break them into harness are constantly on the lookout for such cattle as graze ever so little apart from, or move ever so little ahead of, the rest of the herd; these are at once secured and trained to be "fore oxen," for they are the naturally born leaders. Has not this difference between the herdsman, well contented with his close-packed and orderly drove, and the trainer, ever on the alert for the signs of independence and power of initiative, its analogy within the sphere of the teacher's activity?

But, after all, the highest court of appeal to which we can carry the cause of the development of individuality, is constituted by the individual himself. Only as each of us is animated by the courage of a legitimate self-assertion and the strength of a dominating purpose, can the disintegrating forces, not alone of college life, but of all common life, be withstood. Know thyself! The old Greek maxim is of eternal worth, just because only as we know ourselves can we truly know anything else in the universe. Only as in the light of that knowledge we realize ourselves, can we stand in a right relation to our fellows. But it is not by the partial and often pitiful results of our efforts at introspective self-analysis that vital self-knowledge comes, but rather by the endeavor to keep steadily before us our own ideal of attainment and character. Nor is such an ideal a mere occasional will-o'-the-wisp glimmering fitfully through the mist and darkness, but a clear and growing light, as of the coming dawn, in which our goal shines out even more plainly, and each step of our path becomes more distinct. I believe that one reason why so much of our work fails to reach a high pitch of excellence is that we are in too great haste to reach visible and obvious results. We want to convince the world—our own little world, at all events—that we have the ability to do something. Perhaps we want still more to convince ourselves of it. So we write something for publication, or we paint a picture, or we start our "original research," not that these things are needed, or that we are ready to do them, but because we want results to

show. I do not deprecate ambition, I believe we ought to have more of it, but we need to let patience have her perfect work. We want courage, vigor, and self-confidence; but we want, too, the stern discipline of self-restraint, and such a high conception of our calling as shall make us loth to give out anything but the very best of which we are capable.

The high aim set before ourselves, and the firm determination to do and to be the best that is possible, need not imply any failure to recognize our own limitations. One cannot turn one's self into a genius by cultivating eccentricities, or by attempting with small powers the accomplishment of great tasks. The ass that dressed himself in the lion's skin, only proved that he was a very great ass. But, though most of us must pass our lives in doing little things, we need never consent to doing little things badly. If culture is to have any meaning for us, surely it must include the acquiring of a wholesome abhorrence of all slovenliness in thought and in work. It is the true function of culture "*uns von Halben zu Entwohnen.*" What a solemn dignity is given to the very limitations of life by the Preacher's injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

In conclusion, I would recall the inspiring words of New England's great thinker and teacher: "Insist on yourself, never imitate. That which each man can do best none but his Maker can teach him." "Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare to much."

E. Ritchie.

A TIMELY ACT.

There was mischief in the air. The streets had not been deserted for nothing that gay winter afternoon. The mysterious noises from various woodsheds and barns were not evidences of merely commonplace industry.

"Yes; I know them boys is up to somethin'," Mrs. Allen observed across her frozen clothes to a bemuffled neighbor. "And I do' know as I care. Sam Waine allus was an old skinflint; but I can't say I'd have thought he'd a gone off and done a thing like this, with not a word to a soul."

"Serves him right if they do play a trick on him," Miss Downs mumbled back through a clothespin. "Gittin' married 'thout lettin' anybody so much as know he was waitin' on anybody! She must be a queer crittur to have him, anyway."

"I sh'd think so,—are your clothes all friz on? It's hard enough to get along with a man under any conditions, an' when he's lived by himself as long as Sam Waine has, a-savin', and a-skinnin', and a-cheatin' the very contribution box! I'm glad it ain't one of our Sandham girls anyhow."

Poor Sam Waine. It was a daring thing to brave Sandham "society" as he had done, inexperienced man that he was. For years he had been the town miser, a subject for sewing circle gossip and an object for small boys' jokes. His gloomy square house on the outskirts of the town was not far enough away to close its doors completely against prying eyes and wagging tongues. Each little economy, each new piece of "meanness," was discussed and condemned. The whys and wherefores of the man's action were harder to get at, but they were not necessary factors for these village judges. So year by year he had grown more nearly into what they thought him to be; little by little his heart had hardened and his soul narrowed beneath the scorn of his neighbors and the taunts of the boys. His face had become old and wrinkled. His eyes seemed to contract and grow searchingly brighter as his back became more and more bent.

But now he was married. He had driven her from the station straight up the main street of the town that morning, leaving behind at the windows a double row of scandalized faces and staring eyes. The news spread rapidly. She was a New Bristol girl,—a school-teacher, it was said. Between pity for her, wonder and anger at Sam, who had so hoodwinked them, the village gossips had a good time that day.

And the boys—the men of smaller growth—heard their mothers talk, and put their heads together.

It was after evening meeting that the procession started,—a formidable array of threatening, black-draped figures, hooded and masked. They carried transparencies such as nothing but a Presidential torchlight campaign had ever called forth in Sandham before; skulls and crossbones, dear to the boyish heart, were conspicuous everywhere. To the music of tin pans, and horns, and shrill, derisive young voices, they paraded the length of the village

street, calling a halt only beneath the two tall, gaunt poplars that stood before Sam Waine's door. The front of the house, seen from the street, was quite dark.

"What you goin' to do now, fellers?" came a hoarse whisper from the back ranks.

"O, let's sing that verse,

> 'When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
> And all the bread 'n cheese I got I put upon a shelf.'

Something like that, to the tune of 'John's Brown's Body.' Now, fellers, blow, and pound, and sing!"

And they went at it again with variations which only the fiendish activity of a boy's brain could invent. All was still, and the boys became wilder and wilder, expecting a snarling voice and bitter words, or perhaps even more material exhortations to quiet.

But suddenly, as a handful of pebbles rattled against it, the great front door was quickly opened, and a woman stood before the throng of boys, holding above her head a lamp whose light threw her into sharp relief against the dimness of the hall behind. Instantly there was perfect quiet.

"You sneak! Don't you run! Stand your ground!" Will Lamson commanded in a threatening whisper as some one tried to steal away. So, as Will's word was likely to be law, the whole group stayed.

"It was jolly of you, boys, to come the first night I was in my new home," a voice, neither snarling nor bitter, was saying, "and I'm sorry I can't receive my serenaders more sumptuously. But you must come in anyway, and overlook deficiencies. Please come just as you are."

"I don't know how it was," Will Lamson said in telling the story afterward, "I guess nobody had wits enough about him to think of not going. So in we went, masks, and spook drapery, and all. She kind of laughed when we went past. And then there was Sam back of her, smiling away. He led us into a big, square room, with a table in the middle. There was mince pie, and apple pie, and doughnuts, and hot coffee, and I don't know what else. You just wouldn't have known Sam Waine. 'Help yourself, boys,' he says. 'You better take off your masks, so't you can eat better.' At first we wouldn't; but finally we did, 'cause things kept getting more

thawed out and warmer like every minute. And Sam,—he told stories and laughed, and smoothed the wrinkles out of his face. She sat over opposite to him, and laughed, too, in the nicest, jolliest kind of a way.

"Finally, when it was getting pretty late, I had sense enough to get up to go, and I knew I'd got to say something. All the fellows followed me to the door, and then I turned round, kind of ashamed like,—only she just wouldn't let you feel that way.

"Well, Mrs. Waine," I said, "you've treated us white, and we know it; and,—and you'll see we do."

"And we fellows have stood by her ever since, and she's stood by us. Sam's house sort of belongs to the gang, and we go there all the time, whenever we want to. And Sam! well, he's a different man, younger, and all made over, like. It's just that one woman that's done it all, too. She's a brick. And my opinion about women is solid in their favor since that night." P. K.

THE HEART OF NATURE.

There is a deal of wasted blue
In the smile of the summer sky,
And frequently the white clouds kiss
As they saunter boldly by.

And swift caresses are the life
Of the winning waves of the sea:
With precedent so natural,
Will my lady turn from me?

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

SOME OF OUR LIFE GUARDS.

WE usually think of Life Guards as a body of brave, perhaps rashly courageous men, ready at a word from their commander to face privations, danger, and death for the protection of their country or their sovereign. Dashing actions, fine physical appearance, and contempt for caution, all seem to belong to those whom we call Life Guards. Perhaps we also think of the far less showy, but even more courageous Coast Guards, who pass their solitary lives watching the sea coasts of many countries, snatching living souls from death at the hands of angry nature, not man.

In whatever direction our thoughts turn, it seems necessary to associate bravery in the face of physical danger with the name Life Guards. Yet if we look beneath the surface we find guards as wonderful in many ways, sacrificing self, such as it is, as freely as do those guards more commonly known to us.

Our bodies are vast, complex wholes, colonies of many units, each of which has a more or less clearly defined part to play in the economy of the whole. Each cell or unit is a living thing, and must be supplied with all things necessary to support life. Of these, food and oxygen are chiefly in demand. Wonderful beyond conception, if we pause to think, is the work of the brain and other parts of the nervous system; of but slightly less significance is the work of the muscles, by which we move. But all these parts must be nourished, and must have the waste products of their activity removed, that the necessary changes may more freely take place. They are like some almost inconceivably delicate living machine that you can imagine. Constant fuel must be supplied, to be transformed by the chemical action of the living cell protoplasm into itself. On demand this material is used up, work is done, the body is moved, a thought comes from the brain, and some of the store is destroyed, used by this manifestation of life. Also just as from an engine there is waste in the form of ashes, so in the muscle cell or nerve cell there is waste after activity; certain chemical substances are formed that must be removed, lest they injure these delicate living structures, and hinder or even forbid their free action.

Here at once arises the question, How does this take place? We know that in all machines there must be some one to look out for the removal of ashes if coal is used, and various other waste materials under different conditions. How does this take place with such delicate structures as these minute protoplasmic cells? Their very smallness and delicate nature renders it necessary to remove all such material immediately, and also to supply food for repair of waste incurred by activity. The great agent for all this work is the blood. Of the significance of this liquid, always present in our bodies, and of the wonderful things that some minute elements in it are doing for us all the time, we either are quite unaware, or else in the routine and rush of daily life we never pause to think.

Blood is known to us as a fluid usually inclosed in tubes. If these are injured it comes forth with the characteristic familiar color. If a small drop

of blood be examined under a microscope, however, it no longer appears homogeneous, but as a colorless liquid in which float many solid particles. Two kinds of these elements are present. Of the one, the pale red or orange discs which *en masse* make blood red, we will speak but briefly. These contain a complex chemical substance having a remarkable affinity for oxygen. During the passage of the blood through the lung this substance eagerly seizes on the oxygen, the corpuscles becoming saturated with the gas. Then during the course of circulation through the body these little oxygen-laden bodies come in contact with other tissues needing oxygen. They then yield up their load, and the tissue cells store it away in their protoplasm for future use. This we find to be the function of these elements of the blood, to carry the life-giving oxygen of the air to the tissues that are far away from the outside, buried deep, yet needing this essential substance. The very singleness of their aim makes them stand out prominently in this large colony of workers known to us as the body.

But these are not the only elements of the blood. Scattered quite sparsely among the red cells are the leucocytes, or white corpuscles, only about one to seven hundred red ones. In appearance they are quite different from their brethren,—somewhat granular, more or less spherical masses of protoplasm, lacking color. If we keep the blood warm and carefully watch these minute particles of living matter, we see them begin to grow irregular in shape, gradually pushing out some slender projections. By means of this streaming movement they crawl about from place to place. It seems almost weird to know that these minute particles in our blood can move about like independent creatures, making a veritable living army within our veins; an army in more ways than one, as we shall see in a moment.

For many years this power of moving about has been known to belong to these cells, but of late years especial interest has been directed to them by the researches of a Russian naturalist and pathologist, Metchnikoff by name. He found that these cells not only pass through the walls of the blood vessel into outside tissues, but also take up and devour any foreign substances, nutritious or otherwise, with which they come in contact. If it is edible, they digest it. If it is not capable of such disposition, they simply succeed in removing the material from contact with the tissues. This process is one of true cellular digestion and excretion, the substances

formed by the activity of these cells being normally discharged into the blood and lymph. They are consequently shown to have a very important part in the work of absorption.

Metchnikoff's work extended further than this, however. In a classic series of most careful experiments he found the following facts: A very minute water animal is infected by a disease caused by the growth of a fungus inside the body. The spores of this fungus enter the body with the food, and being sharp-pointed they readily push through the walls of the digestive tract in this minute creature. As soon as this takes place these foreign bodies are surrounded by the cells corresponding to our white corpuscles, engulfed, and ultimately devoured. By this means the invaders are removed, and the life of the animal saved if the cells can succeed in disposing of all the spores. If, however, the increase of the enemy is too great the animal dies. If saved, it is by means of these agents of defense. A fine way of making the best of everything, to turn your enemies to good account by living on them, provided they are not more than can be eaten practically at one time!

Following these observations by a series of beautiful experiments, Metchnikoff establishes the fact that the microbes of infectious diseases are in a similar way devoured and destroyed by the white corpuscles in the living blood vessels of animals. Phagocytosis was thus established,—a means of protection for the animal body, in which the white corpuscles, small and unimportant as they seem, are of paramount significance in both disease and health.

From this point it is but a step to a subject which just now is more or less distinctly before the mind of all of us; *i. e.*, Bacteriology. The assignment of the cause of certain diseases to the presence in the body of minute plant organisms, known familiarly to us as bacteria or microbes, opened a new field of work. The veil that had enshrouded disease in some of its worst and most evasive forms was torn away by this brilliant discovery, due largely to the careful work of Pasteur, only recently dead. He was the great founder of the Germ Theory of Disease. By this discovery the whole field of antiseptic surgery was thrown open. The horrors of the hospitals, of war, of surgery, were largely destroyed; the unfortunate victims of accidents and disease were saved from weeks of painful, wasting

suffering. The isolation of the germs of cholera, erysipelas, tuberculosis and hydrophobia, are but a few of the successes in this field, and the new treatments resulting from this knowledge have benefited the human race to an almost inconceivable degree. None of the triumphs of science during this century, many as they are, can exceed this one in wideness of influence over all mankind.

Having found out the cause of a disease, and knowing that disease can be prevented, it is but a step to the cause of prevention. How does an animal protect itself against the attacks of these hosts of minute organisms that are forever lying in wait in food, in drink, in the very air that we breathe? What makes an animal immune, as we call it? We must remember that there are two distinct conditions here. Some lower animals never can take certain diseases to which, perhaps, man is liable. So man is immune to some animal diseases, as Texas fever, hay cholera. We call this Natural Immunity. Again, it is well known that we can become immune. One attack of measles, chicken pox, or scarlet fever usually serves us as a protection against a second. There are exceptions, but this is generally true. We may call this Direct Acquired Immunity; direct, because caused by the disease itself; and acquired, because obtained during life. A second form of acquired immunity is well known to us in Vaccination. Here, by having one disease, cowpox, we acquire protection against another, smallpox, at least for a certain number of years, usually seven, though sometimes even for life, and again only for a short time. This is Indirect Aequired Immunity. In both cases there must be either an attack of the same disease or of another to render the system refractive, while in Natural Immunity, for some reason the system is always proof against attack. In the first case a process of training, education of what we shall see later, must take place.

No subject has been the center of fiercer strife than this one. For years a battle royal has been waged by the rival upholders of two schools, both of which try to explain the phenomena of Immunity. The Humoral Theory is headed by Pasteur and his school. This says that the liquid part of the blood possesses the power of destroying hostile germs through means of some chemical substances,—antitoxines. The second theory takes us to our old friends, the white corpuscles. By means of phagocytosis, this school believes that the body protects itself against invasion by these foes. The

leucocytes destroy,—eat the bacteria bodily as fast as they enter the system. If the germs increase in number, more leucocytes appear to wage warfare, and on the success of the fight depends the health or even the life of the victim.

The antitoxine supporters have heaped ridicule upon this theory of Metchnikoff's, fairly laughing it to scorn. It is capable of very picturesque presentation, and to a quick imagination would offer a very vivid picture of scientific truth. The devotion of leucocytes in sacrificing themselves for the welfare of the body can be enlarged upon until they seem more like conscious entities than minute parts of our blood. Yet this is but one side of the question. The facts exist despite all ridicule. Both views, no doubt, can be supported well by facts, conflicting as they seem, and in time they may be completely harmonized. It is but another instance of seeing one side of the shield too strongly and forgetting the existence of the other side. Antitoxic material is made and is present in the blood, but in many animals phagocytosis is the main defense. Even if the microbes are killed by the liquids of the blood, their bodies must be disposed of by the leucocytes: they must, in all sincerity, feed on their enemies. It is a very suggestive thought that they may, by their cellular digestion, produce the materials which make the blood liquid antitoxic,—germ killing. If this is true, how strongly does the case show poetic justice: the bodies of the dead microbes serve as material for making a substance to kill their successors.

No chapter in the history of disease is more romantic than this one of Phagocytosis. It renders complete the explanation of many phenomena of disease, and at the same time gives to these small, minute structures of the body known for years to exist for some obscure purpose, a very important and definite duty, corresponding to their omnipresence and larger numbers.

Not only in disease, but also in health, are these cells at work. They are ever present, ever watchful, ever devouring germs and waste matter of all kinds, carrying it all away from contact with the other tissue cells. The very defense from disease depends, to a certain extent, on the education of these cells. Vaccination, immunity of all kinds, means the acquiring of the means of defense against the enemy, and we have seen the part they play in this matter. Is there any more triumphant proof of the value of the next to nothing than is given in this story? These minute structures, present in

our bodies by the thousand, the very existence of which is unknown to many of us, are yet all important to our welfare. There is no tale of fiction more tragic than this of the many who daily lay down their lives for the safety of the one. Obscure, unseen, unknown, they carry on their work like the solitary coastguard, and we, in the press and rush of our lives, often fail even to cast a thought on this mighty, silent multitude.

EDITH J. CLAYPOLE.

A DREAM.

(After reading "Olive Schreiner.")

A CHILD sat weeping by the side of a stream. The wind blew, the sun shone, the birds sang; the child wept on. By and by the wind died away, the sun sank behind the hills, and the birds chirped softly and sleepily from their nests, but the child still wept. In the soft light left by the sun to comfort men for the glare of the day, one came walking toward the child. He touched her on the shoulder and said,—

"Why do you weep?"

And she said: "Because I have lost my book. It told me the way to the Land of Heroic Deeds. But I have lost it, and I, too, would be a hero."

He smiled wistfully upon her and said,—

"Wait for the great Hero. He will show you the path to Hero Land."

So she waited. The Valley of Ignoble Deeds lay about her. Before was the mountain, stern, grim, and inaccessible. Yet as she sat waiting she saw the sun rest lovingly upon its summit, and one rare day she saw a glimpse of something bright, a golden gate, perchance, at the very top. But it was a mere glimpse; perhaps no gate at all,—only the last rays of the sun flashing upon the mountain.

And she waited on. As she sat there a stranger passed one day, and seeing her, drew near, and said,—

"Are you ready?"

And she said, "Yes. When does he come?"

"To-morrow, with a large train. Join him at once, for he can wait for no one, and the gate will shut behind him."

"What gate?" she asked; but he was gone.

And still she waited, but a great joy was born in her heart, for to-morrow she would learn the path to the Land of Heroic Deeds.

The Hero came. He passed through the very heart of the Valley of Ignoble Deeds, and the people scoffed at him and his train. But the maiden (for she was no longer a child) drew near and said,—

"O sir;" and then she said no more, for he looked upon her and she saw his face.

He pointed to the mountain and passed on. And she stepped back into the very lowest rank of his followers and walked with them. They reached the stream which separated the valley from the foot of the mountain, and began to cross. She, too, would follow them, but a little wail at her side stopped her. She looked down. A child was walking near her, and the stream was too deep for him.

"I cannot stop," she said; "I must follow the Hero. Ask some other to aid you."

But they two were alone, for the Hero and his companions had already crossed. She started to follow quickly, but the child clung fast to her. She looked at him in anguish and said: "Do you not see the Hero is disappearing? I cannot stop. I cannot find my way alone. Let me go!"

But still the child clung with little, little hands to her gown; and she looked at him sadly and said: "Come, little one; we will go together. Perchance we can overtake the Hero by and by."

She lifted the child in her arms and tried to carry him through the stream. The waters dashed against her and pulled her down, and she was glad to go back. She sought for stones, and laid them down in the water, that the child might walk beside her. They were rough and cruel, and tore her hands so that the blood dropped upon them. And the child laughed in glee as the warm, red drops fell down. The water tore them from their places, and she put them back. Darkness came upon them ere they crossed. At last they stood upon the other side, beyond the limit of the valley, and the mountain rose before them, stern, grim, and inaccessible. And the Hero was gone.

She cried out in despair; then looked at the child, and was silent. A faint ray of light streamed down the mountain side. She thought it was the path the Hero took, and began the ascent. Quickly and strongly she made

her way up, eager to reach the train before the gate was shut. A cry arrested her footsteps. She looked back. The child had tried to follow her and had fallen, because no hand reached out to help. She turned quickly to the mountain again.

"I cannot stop," she said. Brambles tangled her feet, rocks rolled down upon her, and her hands were torn and bleeding from grasping nettles to assist her in the ascent. Sadly she turned back, but the child smiled through his tears at her. She wiped them away and said,—

"I will not leave you again, little one. Come, let us go together."

And they climbed together. The path of light was gone, and though the sun shone far above them, the mountain side was dark. The child was hungry, and cried. She found some berries and gave them to him to eat. The child was thirsty, and she sought far and wide for water. But the path was lost. The child was tired, and she cradled him in her arms and sang him to sleep. Her throat was parched and dry, and the rock was her only resting place. And the child was merry and ran swiftly before her, and she followed him; but her limbs were weary, and blood marked her footsteps.

Still they climbed upward, and the child was a lad. Now he wandered from the path seeking to kill some wild beast, and he chid her sharply when she sought him and brought him back. It was long since she had seen the Hero, and she wondered if it were not all a dream. She thought her life had been spent on the cold, dark mountain side. Only in her dreams she saw the Land of Heroic Deeds.

Still she climbed upward with the lad. Now he went before her, and she climbed alone over the cruel rocks. She was very weary, but he was young and strong. The mists lay below them, and they were near the top.

At last they stood before a golden gate, and she remembered. She saw again the vision of her childhood. She remembered the Hero and the Land of Heroic Deeds, and she longed with an unutterable longing to pass beyond the gate. As the two stood there, one came behind the gate and looked through it at them and they at him.

"May we come in?" she asked.

"Only one," he said; "which is the fittest? Choose."

And she looked down at herself. The white hair hung unkempt beside her face. Her garments were ragged, her hands stained and bleeding, her

feet cut and torn. She looked at him who was the child, a rare, radiant being, and she hung her head. A great and bitter cry rose in her heart, but she was silent.

"Let him go in," she said, and kissed him. "He is the fittest."

She turned away and he went in. The gate was shut, and she was alone. But a smile was on her face. And one came to her and took her by the hand and led her to another gate, an iron one.

And she said, "Where does this lead?"

And he said, "You will not know now, but hereafter the Hero himself will tell you."

And she was content. But I knew. It was the Land of This World's Uncrowned Heroes.

MARGARET B. MERRILL.

OUT OF DOORS.

A SUDDEN streak of red caught my eye from a bare rhododendron bush. It was Mr. White-winged Grosbeak. The red of his coat had a downy, blotched look, like the unfinished crimson of a young cardinal bird. So soft-footed was he that the branch he had quitted was not even shaking. Silent as fire-lit smoke he slid from twig to twig, with long pauses in between, as if the wind had fallen. Madame, in dress of sleek gray brown, was drinking from a rainpool under the neighboring fir trees, and in the branches above a company of friends were breakfasting. Their voices were the voices of the complacent and the fat; a gentle chorus of low, waxy sounds, sweet as honey, but subdued and far off as if from across the meadow.

THERE was a sense of mystery out this morning. Not a gold chestnut leaf that loosed itself from the twig but you heard the soft detachment, and the rustle of curled brown edges that made place for it on the ground. The gray sky looked moundy and motionless. There were not even shadows to give character to the world. It was as if you had caught one sleeping.

CLIPP! clipp! clipp! harsh, like a hedge-trimmer's scissors, from the garden. A brown thrasher? And on that very heart-beat there he stood a fire-brown streak on the piazza roof. Brave evangelist bird! with his ragged, russet long coat half moulted, his lean, worn body tense with nerve and

vigor. For one fearless moment, noble head uplifted, he looked at me with his strange, spirit-hungry eyes. I thought I saw the prophet's script under his iron wing. Then, a streak of brown fire, and the growing dawn empty.

The wind blows lazily, nonchalantly sweet, puffed from the mouth of some full-lipped wind goddess. From far off the chiding of frogs strikes on some inner sense of hearing. That wind again! and with it the whole world of summer starlight!

M. E. Haskell, '97.

A FEW FABLES.

THE MAN AND THE POET.

A man knocked at a poet's door.

"I am hungry and cold," he said; "give me something."

"I am very sorry for you," said the poet, "but I cannot do anything for you now. I am trying to find a rhyme for 'self.' Come again to-morrow."

The man came. He looked thinner than before.

"Here is a poem I wrote for you," the poet said. "I wept as I wrote it. Good-by, brother, and God help you."

"God help my wife and child," said the man, as the door closed.

Just then the wind blew the paper away, and he went home empty-handed.

THE LITTLE YELLOW DOG.

The little yellow dog was dead; he had been run over by a cart wheel. The pointer and the hound were sniffing at him from a distance.

"I am sorry I dug up his bones," thought the hound to himself, but he said nothing.

"'Tis a pity we didn't let him go with us to the hunt yesterday," said the pointer, aloud. "But what would my lady greyhound have said?"

"What, indeed?" answered the hound. "Or my lord mastiff?"

"A sad life!" whined Mistress Greyhound, when she heard of it. "He used to go around without a collar, and his mother was a butcher's dog. And such a death! I shall not enjoy my bone for a week."

THE MADMEN AND THE KEEPER.

Two madmen were talking together.

"I am Napoleon," said one. "Everybody is afraid when I come."

"I am Merlin," said the other. "I can turn that man into a fly."

Just then their keeper came and led them off.

THE WOMAN AND THE SEA.

A WOMAN sat by the sea, and the laughing light in her eyes was as the sunlight upon its waves.

"I am very happy," she said softly, "and there is nothing so beautiful as the sea. It will bring my love to me, I am sure." And it did.

Again she sat by the sea, and a child was by her side. She was still young and beautiful, and her hair, as the salt breeze lifted it, looked golden against her black gown. But her gaze as it clung to the waves was despairing, and her lips parted passionately. Her head drooped, and the sound that came from her throat was sadder than the sobbing of the sea by the rocks.

"The sea gave, and the sea hath taken away," she said.

THE RICH LADY AND THE POOR WIFE.

A POOR wife's child died. The rich lady came to her. It was a cold day, and the children were shivering about the floor, their faces pinched and blue like the little dead child's.

"It may be better so," said the lady, as she took the poor woman's hand, and on her face there was a smile at her own wisdom and kindness.

"Yes, it is better so," said the woman dully. Her eyes were vacant, and her hand lay loose in the other's. "There will be more left for the rest. Frank was the smallest eater, though."

The lady dropped her hand, and giving her a piece of silver, left without further words.

"The poor are beasts," she said to herself when she reached her home.

THE MAN AND THE MIRROR.

A MAN looked always into a mirror. Those who went that way pointed at him and nodded silently to each other, then passed on.

By and by he grew tired of the mirror. The light shone on it and hurt his eyes, so he turned away.

And now everything seemed strange; things looked hard and cold. He turned to the right when he would have turned to the left. People laughed at him for it.

"No one told me it was a mirror." thought the man.

A MAN AND HIS GUESTS.

A MAN sat by the open fire. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, and a younger man entered. The two had a cigar together.

"You are a good fellow," said the first. "What is your name?" But the other had gone.

The man smoked on and thought a bit until the door opened a little, letting in a draft of cold air, and a queer old man, closely muffled, entered.

The smoker frowned, for he was out of spirits. "Who is this?" he said.

The visitor seated himself. He stayed long.

When at last he rose to go, the fire was out and the room had grown cold.

"You are poor company," said the man. "You are not like my first guest."

"I am kin to him," said the old man, showing his face. "Look."

The features were the same as those of the young man, but withered and like a caricature.

After he had gone, the man started from his armchair and looked into the mirror over the mantel. Then he dropped back into his chair, stared at the ashes on the hearth, and groaned.

ISABEL FISKE.

IN THE CLOISTER.

Whenever the sky is a certain blue,
  Peculiar to skies at sea,
My listless hands let the beads slip through
  That they tell on their rosary.

I stretch my arms to the purpling hills,
  From the convent's garden-close;
I bend my lips to the limpid rills
  Where the fringèd reed grass grows.

I call to the hills, I cry to the brook:
"O hills that the sea behold!
O streams so sweet I had half mistook
Your waters for waves of old!"

But hills loom silent and distance-dim,
And brooks laugh mockingly,
And convent arches, weathered and grim,
Are frowning their frown on me.

I fold my face in my hood of gray,
I bury my heart within;
I kneel me down on the stones to pray
For the world that is lost in sin.

The Crucifix hangs over my head,
The nuns pace two and two;
In crypts below me the shriven dead
Are waiting the judgment due.

The church is the only truth, I know,
And sea but a symbol of strife,—
But, O for its measureless gleam and glow
And the rush of its tidal life!

The long, sharp sound of grating keel,
The rocks where the nets are dried,
The arms that clasp and the breasts that feel,
Nor laughter nor sob denied,—

The swirl of the sweet winds over my head,
The great wing'd gulls at play,—
The new hope born when the dawn breaks red,
And the toil of a rounded day!

. . . . . .

Whenever the sky is a certain blue,
Peculiar to skies at sea,
My listless hands let the beads slip through,
And I long for liberty.

MY LITTLE DICTIONNAIRE.

It is always amusing to run across a bit of English in a French book. It is usually ungrammatical, and invariably misspelled; when it is a quotation, it is generally misquoted. The French seem to take a pride in not knowing English too well, in something the same way that people like to show unfamiliarity with coarse work and unpleasant places.

But my little French dictionary's English "locutions" give me more pleasure than any of Dumas's quotations. Significantly, regrettably, the "locutions" are mainly sporting expressions. Their pronunciation is conscientiously spelled out; then the use follows, sometimes to one's enlightenment. "*All right* (aol-ra-itt); tout est bien, vous pouvez aller de l'avant: *all right*. *At home* (att ôme): locution anglaise qui s'emploie substantivement, le *at home*. *Broken down* (brô-k'n-daown); (brisé bas); se-dit d'une boitorie speciale aux chevaux de course." Delightful little Dictionnaire complet illustré de Larousse, what a fondness I have for you! for your ugly little cuts, your microseopie, unreadable maps, your eneyelopedie information, and your little inserted bunch of red pages filled with delicious "locutions latines et étrangères"!

M. N. S.

A NIGHT OF ARCADIA.

THE other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, in a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, "Why should we not sup here?" Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served; after which another said, "Come, let us sing," and directly began herself. From singing we insensibly fell to dancing and singing in a round, when somebody mentioned the violins, and a company of them was ordered. Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country dances, which held till four o'clock next morning, at which hour the gayest lady there proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest should dance before them in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city and waked everybody in it. —*Gray's Letters. To Mrs. Dorothy Gray, from Rheims, June* 21, 1737.

MR. JEREMY BROWNE, reminded by the dimness of his page that evening was falling, leaned his head out of the window of his modest lodging and remembered that it was spring. His last term at Cambridge was not so far behind that college habits had grown weak upon him; so the evening smell was enough to bring Jeremy to his feet with the thought of a stroll in his mind. But a newer impulse prompted him, too. He bethought himself of the elothes he had brought from Paris, and had worn but once, half in pride, half in shame of his own foppishness, and he resolved to make himself fine in them before taking his stroll through the streets of Rheims. Honest Jeremy tied and powdered his wig, shook his gay plush coat and satin waistcoat, and arrayed himself in them with no little eomplaeeney.

The new French shoes lifted him a full inch further from the ground, and, greatly sustained in pride thereby, Jeremy drew up his shoulders, and sallied forth upon the street with a veritable strut.

His new elegance was rather disturbing to Mr. Browne's orderly way of thinking; such a fluttering of mind as had been set up in Paris by the chatter in the cafés, the gay crowds in the streets, the singing at the opera, took possession of him again. He eyed furtively the few people he passed; and once, when a great lordly coach rolled by him, he boldly smiled his admiration at an engaging lady who sat within. With such people he, Jeremy Browne, dressed as a man of fashion should be dressed, might fittingly hold converse. Graceful French phrases floated through his mind, elegantly turned sentences his tongue had never dared attempt sounded in his ears. But in the middle of a neat bit of repartee, a violent English "Confound you, sir!" interrupted, and Jeremy looked up to see that he had fairly run down a fellow-countryman in his musing.

The stranger was a youthful dandy, far outshining Jeremy in magnificence, and, remarking some signs of arrogance in him, our friend began a rather haughty apology. But in this, too, he was interrupted. "Upon my soul, 'tis Jeremy Browne," said the stranger, taking Jeremy's hand and shaking it heartily.

"Mr. Sele!" cried Jeremy, both astonished and gratified.

"And how come you here, Jeremy?" asked Mr. Sele, taking Jeremy's arm in a friendly fashion. "I never had thought to see you leaving your cloister to make the grand tour."

"Then I cannot explain it to you," said the little scholar, "save by telling you that my Uncle Gilbert, who, you remember, died last month, hath left me the wherewithal."

Mr. Sele did not appear disposed to like his friend the less for the explanation. Though Jeremy's reputation for scholarly wit and graceful versifying had served at Cambridge to attach to him Mr. Sele and others of his fellow-collegians, they had rather scorned him as the penniless son of a penniless attorney. Naturally Mr. Sele turned to look at Jeremy for outward signs of his new prosperity. "Faith, Jeremy, you cut a fine figure indeed in this toggery. I'm proud to be seen in the company of such a beau."

Some ladies, by their appearance persons of distinction, attended by a single cavalier, passed at that moment, and Mr. Sele saluted them with great respect, gazing after them when they had passed. "Do I detain you, Mr. Sele?" asked Jeremy, marking the glance.

"Why, no," answered Sele. "To be sure, some dozen or so of us are to meet in a garden of the town to-night, to idle away the time, but they will easily do without me till I come. And hold, Jeremy; I have a notion of taking you along. O come; you must and you shall; 'tis time you made your bow to the fashionable world, and with a few hints from me I dare swear you'll conduct yourself admirably."

Jeremy had demurred, fearing, as indeed he had reason, that Sele might bring him before his noble friends only to make game of him. But his new finery gave him courage, and he was conscious besides that the wit for which he was known at Cambridge might well serve him here. So "Very well, Ned," he said, with dignity; "but first you must describe to me the nature of the company, and the behavior that will suit it."

"Come on, then," said Sele, marching him about; "that I'll tell you on the way. You shall meet, sir, the genteelest people of the neighborhood. A countess or two, a baron, and a colonel and his lady I may safely promise you. Then there is Manson of the Guards, who travels with me, and Sir Robert Beauchamp, and his sister, Mrs. Ambrose. Now these are all mighty agreeable, but their entertainments are the dullest things in the world. You do nothing at their houses but play cards, eat sweetmeats, and stroll in their gardens when the cards are over. But perhaps this is no news to you."

Jeremy confessed that so far he had spent his time in reading, strolling about the town, and going to the cathedral for mass, and that he knew the customs of the province not even by reputation.

"Then," said Sele, "you have less to unlearn, for to-night we meet only to walk and chat, and I hope we shall be merry and Arcadians. Affect an easiness of behavior, be light, and elegant, and gallant, and, if you love me, Jeremy, forget that you know any tongues but the French and the English; a bit of Latin will mark you a pedant."

"Not even Horace?" asked Jeremy, doubtfully. "Sure, every one knows Horace, Ned."

"Forsake Horace, too," answered his companion. Mr. Sele squeezed Jeremy's arm to his side and chuckled inwardly, promising himself no little entertainment from the stiff little scholar when he should attempt lightness of manner, and make pretty speeches to the ladies.

The garden for which they were bound was one with which Mr. Browne was already familiar. It was, indeed, an inn garden, carefully planted and trimmed, and set about with shade trees. A fountain playing in the middle gave it the air of belonging to a château. Jeremy observed certain magnificent coaches waiting along the outer line of trees; among them that one he had noticed earlier in the evening. "Mrs. Ambrose is here," murmured Mr. Sele, with satisfaction, noting it, too. Jeremy looked at the graceful groups clustered about the garden seats, strolling between rows of tulip beds, heard ripples of light laughter, and felt that he was indeed entering into the fashionable world. He bore his introduction to it bravely, bowed devotedly to the ladies, coolly to the gentlemen, then added himself to the outskirts of a group which Mr. Sele had joined, and laughed, contentedly enough, at other people's jests.

At the centre of the group, beyond the reach of the two Englishmen, was Mrs. Ambrose, in whom Jeremy recognized the lady of the coach. She was doubly attractive to Jeremy and to Mr. Sele; first, because she was by far the fairest lady of the company, and, secondly, because she was English, and therefore prepared to receive compliments undisguised by a strange tongue. Mr. Sele reached her side first, and skillfully disentangled her from the group. He kept an eye on Jeremy as he did it, for he had not forgotten his prospective entertainment, and whispered to Mrs. Ambrose to observe his friend! "I am weary," said he, "of these dull provincial amusements. Let us be pastoral and rollicking for once, and have a song or a country dance."

"Excellent!" said the merry English lady. "You shall have both."

"And mind you," said Sele, "that we mix honest Jeremy in the midst of it. We shall have rare sport from seeing him act the capering swain. He is a poet, you must know, and the part will touch his fancy."

"Excellent again!" cried the lady. "But I must first try his mettle."

At this moment it was announced that supper would be served in the garden. It was a charming idea, and all applauded Mr. Sele, who, it was

said, had arranged it. Honest Jeremy, who was beginning to feel a little ill at ease, found to his own surprise that he had somehow seated himself at the left of Mrs. Ambrose, and that Mr. Sele was glowering at them both, separated by Jeremy from the object of his attentions.

It had grown so dark that the garden had been lighted by lanterns hung from the trees. The stars were not out, and whether the sky was yet blue or black was a matter for question. Mrs. Ambrose looked at it anxiously, before beginning her attack upon Jeremy.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Browne," quoth she, "whether the night is to be fair or not? My spirits depend on it, and I confess to you that I shall not dare be merry till I know."

Jeremy looked doubtfully at the heavens. "As to the weather, madam," said he, "since your temper is to vary with it, I must say with the poet, '*scire nefas*.'"

"Mind your Latin!" growled Mr. Sele, at Jeremy's elbow. But the lady smiled, and seemed to take heart about the weather. So she and Jeremy were very merry while supper lasted.

As the company rose and strolled once more about the garden, Mrs. Ambrose, mindful of her promise, began very gayly to hum a French song. It caught the ear of the strollers, and echoed back from under the rustling limes. Jeremy did not know the words, but he caught the air and sang on manfully in support of his fair companion. Nor did she laugh at his effort, though Mr. Sele sought her eye with a waggish look, to assure her that the sport had begun.

Certain of the company had begun an irregular dance. "Hold!" cried Mrs. Ambrose; "let us have the violins!" "The violins!" echoed Mr. Sele, and straightway went to order them. He came to Mrs. Ambrose to announce their arrival, and bowing low, asked for her hand in the dance. But the lady waved him off with a flourish of her fan, as she had already waved off a half dozen others. "I have engaged myself," said she, "to this gentleman. And I assure you," she went on in a lower tone, as Jeremy took her hand for the dance, "I find him, as you said, vastly amusing."

The dance was formed by this time, and Sele found that he must enjoy the sight of Jeremy's capers by himself. But behold Jeremy walking a

minuet as correctly as possible, hardly distinguishing himself at all, save as the attendant of Mrs. Ambrose. And when the minuet gave way to a merry country dance, Jeremy, still honored with the hand of Mrs. Ambrose, circled gayly by, laughing with the rest. Thanks to the guiding fingers of his lovely partner, he gave little sport to poor Sele. That youth hardly felt that he had a right even to a sneer, so contented himself with muttering dire imprecations upon Mrs. Ambrose for her caprices, and Jeremy for his good fortune.

When the dance broke up, Mrs. Ambrose, laughing and breathless, had another proposition. "Let us," cried she, "leave those who are weary to be carried home in their coaches. The rest of us shall make a train of shepherds and shepherdesses, and dance before them to the music of the fiddles. What say you? Will it not be rare sport to frighten the honest burghers with an heathen merrymaking?"

There was not a dissenting voice, and two or three of the eagerest shepherds plucked a handful of flowers to crown the leader of revel. She was placed at the head of the laughing band, and over the heads of her loyal followers she called for Mr. Browne to attend her. Mr. Sele, rebuffed by a second assurance from Mrs. Ambrose that she found his friend most excellent sport, slunk in the rear, a very sorry shepherd indeed.

Jeremy's head was still full of the gay dance through the city when he awoke next morning, and as early as he decently could, sought Mr. Sele's lodgings to express his gratitude for so auspicious an introduction into fashionable society. Shepherdesses, and masques, and revels rioted through the little scholar's mind.

But Mr. Sele's manservant ushered him doubtfully into a room where Mr. Sele still lay idly in his dressing-gown. His gracious friend of the evening before greeted Jeremy with scant courtesy, and on his beginning his thanks, yawned visibly, and finally cried, "O burn your junketings and your Dulcineas! I have a mind to sleep."

"Sir!" cried honest Jeremy, aghast. He conquered his inclination to quote an apt and well-known hit from Virgil, and with a magnificent flourish of his hand begged Mr. Sele's pardon for disturbing him, and bowed himself out. Sele looked indolently out of the window and watched him emerge upon the street. Jeremy's head was high, and his bearing haughty in the

extreme. But it appeared that his thoughts were not upon earthly matters; for the bells beginning at that moment to ring for mass, Mr. Browne meditatively took his way in the direction of the cathedral.

EDITH ORR.

THEMES.

IT is strange how little the world cares for its sunsets. Even a city street on a winter day has its phases, the more precious because rare.

As you walk toward the west, you wonder why no one stops to notice how the projections of doorway and casement are picked out in yellow light, and how the shadows, creeping slowly up the walls, put out point after point. The big signs are a blur of gold, and at the end of the street the outlines of buildings are lost in a luminous haze.

After a moment the street has grown dark, but the windows above you are aflame; and here and there over a roof you can see a thread of steam dissolving in rosy puffs, or a column of smoke taking on the deep purples of a storm cloud. The zone of sky shut in by the high walls is a darkening red, against which the corners of the buildings jut out black and grim. The commonplace figures of the people coming toward you stand out with a new value against the glowing curtain which closes the street; and it suddenly occurs to you that any sunset might be the background for an Angelus.

M. E. C., '88.

VERY dry and gray he looked, sitting there alone. And old! as if he had been old when time was young. Existence had nothing left for him; and he was too wise to be moved by the consciousness of the fact. Occasionally he lifted a skinny hand, and drew it awkwardly, wearily across his face. As he did this the folds of his loose coat shrunk into a long groove against his thin sides. From time to time he yawned slowly. Probably if he thought it worth while to have preferences, he would have preferred to be spared even this exertion in a world where exertions were useless. The shadows that the leaves cast about him grew longer; the birds began to sing for sundown. But he sat still on the end of his dead branch like a lifeless thing. A weary philosopher was my tree toad.

A. E.

THE ENDING.

"In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

Ned was still a half-grown lad when his father died and left him in charge of his younger sister Nellie and invalid mother. I say "in charge," for Ned's mother was one of those gentle, tearful women who must look to a man for guidance, even though that man be an irresponsible youngster of fifteen. Ned guided his own affairs in a jolly, harmless fashion for two years, and then one bright September morning he trotted off to college, armed with an absurdly large bank account, a genius for making friends, a quick brain, and an unlimited fondness for merrymaking.

In the middle of his sophomore year Ned came home with a surly look on his face, some disagreeable papers in his pocket, and a few parting words from the dean of the college stinging in his ears.

Along in the early spring he caught a severe cold, and one snowy day he was too weak to leave his room. It was late that evening that his mother came to him. "Ned," she said, tearfully, "I am nearly crazy about Nellie. You know she stays out late in the evenings now, and I can't send one of the servants for her. I don't know where—I am afraid—afraid," she faltered.

Ned's boy face grew stern and manly. He dressed hurriedly and went out into the storm. Somewhere he found the weak, unguided sister, and brought her home cowering. He staggered upstairs to his own room, where his mother was miserably walking the floor. "Mother," he said, catching her sharply by the arm, "unless you want both your children ruined, never let Nellie out of your sight again." He stopped and sat down heavily in the nearest chair. "I am afraid you'll have to get John to help me to bed," he finished, limply.

He never got up again. They thought he must have caught more cold hunting for Nellie in the storm. Three days afterwards he died.

S. S. E.

When you hear a sound like the turning of a rusty wheel in the tree-tops, or like two wheels of different keys, you know it at once for squirrel abusiveness. Follow it up; you see somebody's nut going off in somebody

else's mouth, and the defrauded vainly skipping and scolding in pursuit; or you find an interchange of incivilities over a deeper, less obvious wrong going on from neighboring boughs.

This morning, however, I could not understand. The clamor was so persistent, a single voice, and always from the same spot. It could be neither a nut chase nor a dispute over wife or possessions. Traced to its source, it proceeded from a gray bunch deeply aggrieved,—tail over back, now down, a swollen and huddling heap of resentment,—the cause apparently nothing. A theory of indigestion began to lay hold of my mind,—evil effect of chance cooky dropped from upper window,—when snap! up tail, and out head, with a general air of relief; and from behind me, "Purra-meow!" there, all glib dlausibility, was that yellow hypocrite of a cat from the paint mill, saying how lovely I was, and what was I looking at in the tree?

G. R. N.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Among the most pressing needs of the College must now be included that of a new library building.

Our present library shelving is already full, yet we are adding twelve hundred volumes a year, with no immediate prospect of a suitable location; and to keep pace with the constant research and scientific progress in the departments covered by the college curriculum, three thousand volumes a year is a very conservative estimate of what should be added.

The seating capacity, and the heating and ventilating arrangements of the library, were planned for but one half the number of students now working there. It was never intended that study tables should be placed in our alcoves and galleries, necessarily blocking access to the shelves, and causing the reader to be disturbed three or four times an hour by students looking up books. The library was planned for and can fitly accommodate but fifty or sixty readers; yet we have one hundred and fifteen chairs, and often the steps, and sometimes the floor and window sills, are occupied as well; and this pressure exists for seven or eight hours a day. The quiet, uninterrupted study that must be given to secure the best results in a student's work is absolutely unattainable under such conditions. The constant moving about of those looking for and putting away books, of others passing in and out of the library, and the continual shifting of chairs in the crowded alcoves, leave scarcely a moment when a nervous reader is not rasped and irritated by unavoidable noises.

It was not intended that the library should be ventilated in winter by opening large windows and sending a cold blast upon the readers, and yet no other method can now furnish the amount of air needed for brain workers crowded into our limited space. Nor was it intended that while the cold air streams upon head and shoulders, one should have to sit so near the hot registers under the tables. Yet in no other way can students and registers now find space. Probably three fourths of the exhausting colds from which we suffer each winter, are due to our inadequate library accommodations. But even with windows and registers open it is impossible to keep the air

even fairly pure. The dullest sense must be offended, and the strongest head must ache, after two or three hours' hard work in the impure atmosphere. Some of the more delicate students are obliged to avoid courses with much library reading.

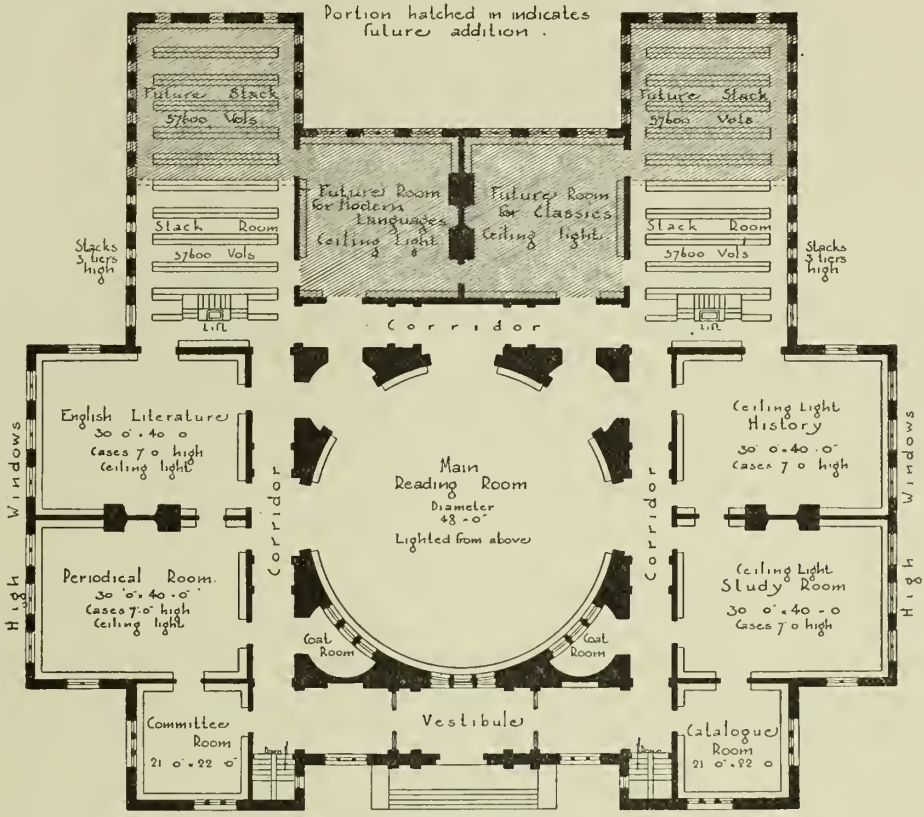
No college can live without a library, and no college can accomplish half its legitimate work in crowded, ill-ventilated rooms. We have now about forty-seven thousand volumes,—the largest collection owned by any woman's college in the country. If space and pure air were provided for their use, no other gift could do so much to improve the quality of our students' work, or so assist in their intellectual growth.

With these facts confronting us, it is certainly time for each member of the College and every alumna to realize the desirability of placing our need prominently before those who might become interested to found or contribute toward a new library building. That something definite may be offered for consideration, the accompanying sketch plan for a college library is submitted by our librarian, as a suggestion of what may be considered as specially adapted to our needs.

* * * * * *

It is suggested that the building be of yellow brick, with light Cleveland sandstone trimmings; that the inside be finished in the same brick and sandstone, except that in the reference room tiling be used; that the stacks be fireproof, and the rest of the building of slow-burning construction. That the first floor (or basement) be built high, and furnish several study or storage rooms, an unpacking room, cloak rooms, etc. That the stacks be finished with white brick, and be of three tiers of seven-foot shelving, the middle one on a level with the main library floor, and that the walls be about twenty-five feet high. That the department, or study rooms, be open to the roof, the walls being sixteen feet high.

The department rooms are expected to shelve about six thousand volumes each, and to accommodate about thirty readers, and the main reference room to accommodate seventy-five readers, and shelve eight thousand volumes. It is supposed that works in science will be located with the scientific laboratories, and art works in the Farnsworth Art Building. It is expected that free access to the shelves will be granted in reference and study rooms, and by application, to the stacks.



Design for New Library Building
for
• WELLESLEY • COLLEGE •
Hartwell . Richardson and Driver
Architects
Boston, Mass,

Such a building would shelve nearly two hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, and would probably cost about $200,000. If necessary, for immediate needs, the cost could be reduced to $150,000, by omitting the two study rooms at the rear, and reducing the capacity of the stacks to about sixty thousand volumes.

[Signed] L. B. GODFREY,
Librarian.

II.

THE tributes to General Walker which poured in from all parts of the country at the news of his sudden death, sufficiently attest the magnitude of his loss to the world of American colleges. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of the few American schools which are held abroad as the peers of European institutions. Such schools reflect esteem on the entire educational system of the country, and a cloud upon one of them overshadows all our colleges. But no one can doubt, after reading the history of the administration of the Technology since 1880, and recalling the names of the men who are numbered among its alumni, that in his sixteen years of service, President Walker secured to the Institute the power to accomplish its work, even though he should be removed from the leadership. The man who himself sustains an institution is great; but he is greatest who enables an institution to sustain itself.

III.

THE announcement of the death of Mr. Crawford will be read with sincere regret by Wellesley students and alumnæ. To not a few of the officers of the College with whom Mr. Crawford has been associated ever since the planning of the main building, his death has brought a personal sorrow. Mr. Crawford worked in College Hall as a finishing carpenter at the time of its erection. He continued in Mr. Durant's employ, and rose gradually into the position of responsibility in which the students of this generation have known him. His accurate and detailed knowledge of the college business and estate will be missed by both students and faculty, for whose comfort and convenience he cared so ungrudgingly; but yet more sensibly by those officers with whom he shared the responsibility of the elaborate mechanism of college business administration. Long tried, and faithful in his friendship for Wellesley, his memory is one to be gratefully honored by the members of the College.

IV.

To any one who comes into the first floor south centre, and looks through the open doors of the west side into the new students' parlor; to

any one who sees the crowd of girls who swarm about this room in the evening after dinner; to any one sensible of the delight that everybody feels in having such a room at last; one thought must occur: What a pleasant thing it would be for the students, and what a finishing touch to the centre, if two other classes would convert the east side also into open parlors.

V.

Apropos to a December editorial on Student Self-government Associations in Women's Colleges, we quote a Smith girl's answers to certain questions: "The principle of President Seelye is this: The girls should not be governed by laws, but by ideals of honor. It is taken for granted that students who come to Smith have high ideals of honor, and he considers it better to remove those who do not than to make all suffer for their sake.

"In the daytime the girls do not have to have permission to go out of town or to attend the theatre, if they do not cut recitations. If they cut a recitation they must have an excuse from the registrar. If they go out of town or to the theatre in the evening, they must ask permission of the house matron and must have a chaperone. Girls not living on the campus do not need to have permissions if they do not cut recitations.

"It is understood that the girls shall not go down town after dark; if they do so, and are met by one of the Faculty, they will not be recognized.

"There are no restrictions on Sunday traveling.

"I think there are no written rules except those for the houses, such as not to stick pins in the wall, etc. Each house on the campus has a house president, vice president, and treasurer, chosen from the girls; also an entertainment committee." [Smith girls do not change residence during their college course, as Wellesley girls do; but each chooses her home her first year, and remains there throughout the four years.] "In these houses the lights must be out at ten. If a girl is reported for burning her light five times in a week after ten, she must leave the campus."

From *Vassar* we quote the following fragmentary and concise account:—

"Travel on Sunday. Nine tenths came back Sunday night after Thanksgiving. Nothing especial done. No rule about it.

"Theatre.—Go to Mrs. K., and say going with chaperone. Sometimes only nominal chaperone. Amy went once without asking permission.* Nothing came of it.

"Tell Mrs. K., going away. If miss recitation get excuse. Always, except for long vacations, get permission,—all, seniors, freshmen, etc. Depends on girl's standing. Almost always allowed. For cuts from chapel, Students' Association."

VI.

Both these notes corroborate our statement of last month to the effect that the Wellesley system of "cuts" is peculiarly liberal. The authorities at Smith and Vassar undertake to decide for the students whether they shall cut or not. Here we are allowed to get our own experience as to how much we can afford to cut, and though we make mistakes, we learn more through our own mistakes than we could learn through other people's wisdom.

VII.

There seems to be a confidence and frankness in the students' attitude toward theatre permissions which we have not yet reached. Here a student goes for a theatre permission with a distinct sense that she may not get it,—that this is something on a very peculiar footing; that there is some unstated, but very small, number of times beyond which she is not expected to indulge her taste for theatre and the opera; that some one entirely out of sympathy with her way of learning, and of seeing things, may have the decision as to what she may attend, and how often; that it is possible that this judge may actually know less about theatre and opera than she herself; that if she believes in obeying rules, she is quite at the mercy of this permission-giver; that if she does not obey rules, she may get pretty much what she wants in the way of theatre or opera without great risk of detection; that some students have, by simply taking the matter into their own hands, had treble the number of theatre excursions that were allowed to others; that the disobedient had the pleasure and the education of many good things, while the obedient spent corresponding evenings of wrath and bitter-

*[Editor's Note. Amy is a student both prominent and conscientious.]

ness of mind over an attitude she could not understand, and with which she could not sympathize. We go, in short, with a sense that we may be met by what seems to the educated world in general, unreasonableness; as, for instance, last spring, when permissions to see Bernhardt in "Camille" were refused, and students were forbidden to see Dusé until, after she had played some time, we were at length given permission. Apparently the college officials had either become better informed about her, or had been reached by the general sense of the unfitness of the refusal, which was at large. With regard to an artist like Bernhardt, who is seen by so many people of unimpeachable standing, it seems to us a matter for personal choice whether or not one will refuse to see her because of her private character. Some of the college authorities may disapprove of her being seen; but there is a world of equally enlightened men and women, including some of the other college authorities, who would approve; so that the question is one less of right and wrong, than of individual opinion. And those students who wanted to see her might have been given the benefit of the uncertainty. To eschew the theatre one's self is well enough, but to force other people to eschew it, and to constitute one person sole judge of what shall be temperate indulgence for other people, is inconsistent with the spirit of this College.

Wellesley girls are not apt to overdo theatre-going. We are kept too hard at work for that. Few girls would be unable to tell when the indulgence began to interfere with business, and surely it is better to follow President Seelye's principle and remove those few, rather than to make all suffer for their sakes. What we want is a more generous attitude toward individual student opinion in the matter of theatre permissions. How can our wisdom increase unless we are trusted to use it?

VIII.

The Free Press is still open to answers to the questions on the expense of a course at Wellesley. We are glad to print five articles on the subject this month, and we hope for more before the next issue.

FREE PRESS.

I.

I HAVE read with interest the recent articles upon the expense of living at Wellesley. Complying with the Magazine's request for more articles, I will gladly contribute mine, with the hope that it may be of use to any one contemplating a college course at my Alma Mater. The following is a correct average of my expenses for each year:—

Railroad fare from home to College and return	$68.00
Vacation and pleasure trips	18.00
Books	8.00
Clothes	50.00
Laundry	12.00
Paper, stamps, etc.	3.00
Room furnishings	5.00
Necessary sundries	14.00
Unnecessary sundries	14.00
Tuition and board	350.00
Vacation board	6.00
Music	100.00
Total	$648.00

This is to answer the question, "Can a girl go through college with five hundred dollars a year?" From the above total it would not seem so, but I am sure it is possible. Deduct from this average the railroad fare, pleasure trips, vacation board, unnecessary sundries, clothes, and music, and the remainder will be $392; add to this the extra $50 for tuition now, and it becomes $442. This leaves a margin of $58 for railroad fare, etc. If $500 were to be allowed me now to return to college for a year I know that it would be sufficient, although I did spend more when there.

ADELAIDE SMITH, '93.

II.

THE following is a statement of the amount of money that was mine during my junior and senior years,—the only years I spent at Wellesley.

JUNIOR YEAR, '90–91.

Total amount of cash spent	$501.00

Board from December 17 to January 6 paid for by library work.

The items included in the expenditures were :—

Railroad fares, local, and to and from Chicago.
Board, $200.00.
Tuition, $150.00.
Books, stationery, and other working materials.
Laundry, in part.
Some dressmaking and repairs.
Some furnishings for room.
Eatables.
Entertainments.
Donations, and presents, and dues.
Other unclassified items.

SENIOR YEAR, '91–92.

Total amount of cash spent	$490.24
Board from December 17 to January 6, and from March 31 to April 4, paid for by work in the library	21.65
Total	$511.89

My expenses for this year were distributed over about the same items, in general, as during the previous year. I can say that I had about all the necessaries, many comforts, and not a few luxuries of college life during my sojourn at Wellesley. I economized in several directions, for example, by doing my washing in part, and buying secondhand books, or renting them.

I was forced to spend extra time in study, because of my brief stay at Wellesley, so I had to forego much of the social life, and consequently did not have so much expense in this phase of college life as other less confined students. Gifts of money received at birthday anniversaries, Christmas time, and on other occasions, as well as money earned by myself, contributed toward my expenditures.

I enjoyed taking the Wellesley *Prelude*, and keeping in touch with the general interests at the College, though at times I felt deprived of some social advantages. If this extended account encourages one girl, at the least, to enter Wellesley, I shall feel that my effort to answer the Free Press inquiry concerning expenses at Wellesley is not in vain. P.

III.

If it is not too late for another account of college expenses, I would like to give my experiences. I lived near enough college to go home frequently, and my traveling expenses are included in all estimates; but it is

also true that I had my washing done at home. For my freshman year I cannot give statistics, but make a most generous estimate in giving my expenses as $50.00. My sophomore year, the only one in which I kept full accounts, I spent $29.40 as follows:—

Books	$5.70
Stationery	3.64
Traveling	10.63
Dues, etc.	3.43
Laboratory	2.02
Miscellanies	3.98
Total	$29.40

Junior year I spent about $50.00, and senior year about $60.00 (by account $39.17 from September to the middle of March). It is true that I did not buy all the books I wanted, could not subscribe large amounts to anything, went without "Legendas" and Glee Club tickets, and was generally economical; but I bought a cap and gown, took many laboratory courses, belonged for two years to what is considered, I believe, one of the most expensive of the "six mutually exclusive societies," and was not "out of things" at all. My opinion is that a girl can go through college on less than five hundred a year, but that she never will succeed in doing it unless she has to. If she be economical, a hundred for general expenses is a moderately liberal allowance.

AN ECONOMICAL '95.

IV.

FOR the further benefit of our new Royal Society for the Investigation of Financial Statistics, I send the following classified selections from my account book for the last three years:—

	Freshman.	Sophomore.	Junior.
Books	$20.44	$24.71	$14.39
Stationery	5.52	6.73	5.05
Stamps	2.29	3.84	3.43
Laundry	4.67	3.40	6.20
Traveling expenses	3.54	17.15	12.27
Dues and subscriptions for class (including boat), Christian Ass'n, concert fund, College Settlement, etc.	6.67	14.35	8.37

	Freshman.	Sophomore.	Junior.
Room furnishings		11.79	4.52
Eatables, and table celebrations	1.75	2.99	3.33
Miscellaneous	16.49	24.96	17.06
Total	$61.37	$109.92	$74.62

My "miscellaneous" includes not only such items as matches and term bills, but also flowers, Glee Club concert tickets, class pin, Tree Day costumes and photographs, Legendas, and programmes and tickets for several guests each Float. With a single exception I have bought all my books, and all but a few of them at first hand. My room furnishings were paid for with birthday money, given for the purpose. The omission of this item brings my sophomore expenses within the hundred dollar limit. My greatest saving is in the laundry bill, for I have always washed the smaller pieces myself, and taken many of the others home. I am certain a girl can go through college on a hundred dollars a year, and not feel left out of the good times, provided she is careful. '97.

V.

May I add my word of experience to those already given concerning college expenses? The following table has been carefully worked out from a set of account books, whose balancing was a monthly source of perplexity to me while in college; but which now prove a great satisfaction, because of the aid, however small, which they may give:—

	Freshman.	Sophomore.	Junior.	Senior.	Total.
Books (necessary)	$14.42	$9.86	$9.85	$20.01	$54.14
Books (unnecessary)	3.04	3.54	4.87	8.15	19.60
Stationery	2.32	4.47	5.32	4.37	16.48
Postage	1.20	2.63	1.89	6.44	12.16
Traveling Expenses	.62	4.92	7.10	11.60	24.24
Dues	2.86	9.00	10.61	28.10	50.57
Charities	2.90	7.88	3.08	7.30	21.16
Room	1.82		.23	1.74	3.79
Flowers	.64	1.50	.93	.75	3.82
Amusements	2.25	2.65	1.70	1.60	8.20
Laundry		5.75	6.12	6.29	18.16
Sundries	15.01	17.52	32.07	64.79	129.39
Total	$47.08	$69.72	$83.77	$161.14	$361.71

This table shows an extravagance in the item of necessary books, as all suggested were bought, and these all new. The laundry item is missing in the freshman list, as my laundry work was done at home; and my room expenses were small, as most of the fittings were given me.

Let me say that I thoroughly enjoyed my college course, entered into all the good times that my work would allow, and had many little "spreads" with my personal friends. E. W., '96.

VI.

Our restriction against Sunday traveling has a mixed basis of hygiene, convention, and religious observance. Some one has added to these the maintenance of quiet, but not with entire reason, for Monday is the quietest day of all, and yet our especial traveling time. The conventional reason is the sensitiveness of the Boston world to respectability traveling by steam on Sunday; the religious reason, that it is wrong to travel on Sunday; the hygiene, the benefit to the girls of one day when inability to go away tempts them into resting. As to the first, some of us venture to think that a part of the Boston world is here taken into account to the exclusion of a differently minded part, probably as large and as select as those who are sensitive to Sunday travel between a city and its suburbs. Smith and Vassar, too, have, in spite of Sunday traveling, attained a much greater reputation for conventionality than Wellesley. The second reason rests on a strict interpretation of the fourth commandment. Now, those who do thus interpret that commandment, and feel bound to obey it, need no law against Sunday traveling; they are a law unto themselves. But there are others who accept no authority in the ten commandments beyond the point where they can see the usefulness of the commandments in securing the general welfare. The commandment, as a commandment merely, has for them no binding force. They obey the college law as such; but they obey it grudgingly, in the spirit of disobedience. This religious observance, made at the dictation of other people, without an accompanying observance in spirit, is a very irreligious matter, and what benefit those concerned for our spiritual welfare expect us to receive from it is not clear.

Many of those who confess no religious obligation to obey the commandments, however, feel the hygienic value of one day of rest in seven. The

question of the law, then, becomes this: is it best for a college to force the individual student to do the strictly hygienic thing? Sunday traveling is not parallel with making a noise after ten. Disturbances after ten may break into the eight or nine hours of sleep which one's neighbors need. The Sunday travel of a student would not break the Sabbath calm even of her roommate, any more than would a call from friends across the corridor. This restriction becomes one, not for the general, but for the individual welfare, in very much the same fashion that a law against fudge making on Sunday would be. On the whole, we think Sunday fudge has a more deadly and general effect than Sunday travel would have. Yet who would forbid it if the students choose to make it? The liberty to choose between right and wrong, expediency and inexpediency, is more valuable where such liberty to the individual does not endanger community welfare, than the strictest adherence to virtue simply because we are not allowed to do wrong.

P., '97.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Puritan Bohemia, by Margaret Sherwood. New York: the Macmillan Co.

The readers of the "Experiment in Altruism" have hailed Miss Sherwood's new book with delight, and read it with no less. The story is in many ways the match piece of the "Experiment." It lies, speaking roughly, along the same lines, with yet the points of contrast of the match piece. There is the same Boston setting, the same prevailing thought of social reform,—or rather thought about thought of social reform,—the same epigrammatic zest of style, the same atmosphere of purity and mental well-being. On the other hand, it is the sunshine scene of the pair; where the "Experiment in Altruism" leaves us in the shadow of a great grief, "A Puritan Bohemia" ends with happiness and success. The theme is not a new one,—a woman's choice between love and art; but the development is new, namely, the woman's choosing art, to the great satisfaction of the reader. There is, however, a haunting suspicion that it was not a fair case. Would the reader have applauded Anne's artist celibacy so readily if the book had not been, as Thackeray calls "Vanity Fair," a novel without a hero—with only a nice boy? In the unity given by fewer characters the later book

has a distinct advantage over the first somewhat overcrowded canvas. But in strength of the story itself, it seems to us to fall something short of the earlier one. It is a thing to be handled, perhaps, less seriously, because it is the story of a less genuine thing. It is not a story of love, but of a young woman who was half in love and thought she was not, and a young man who was not at all in love and thought he was. The question whether a woman may find her life most fully in art rather than in love is, on the whole, skillfully evaded. Whatever one's opinion on this point may be, however, the book is certainly delightful reading, as anything must be coming from a writer incapable of a dull or a trite line.

A Puritan's Wife, by Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.

In "A Puritan's Wife," Mr. Max Pemberton has attempted to rewrite a book no less widely read than "Lorna Doone." For the sake of appearances, the time of action is put back in the first years after Cromwell's Protectorate, the names of the characters are changed, and the structure of the plot is altered somewhat. For instance, Marjory, who is the heroine Lorna, dressed out in seventeenth century attire, has found protection in her youth not among an aristocracy of thieves, but with an excellent English gentleman of the County of Huntington, whose politics, "that had ever a leaning, though not so much as to risk anything thereby, to the cause of the Lord Protector," enabled him to offer a safe harbor to neighbors who had fallen upon misfortune through want of such prudence as his. Marjory, of course, is of noble loyalist family, and, like her prototype, regains station and wealth at the hands of a sovereign who cannot bear to have a pretty damsel go in want. Her ladyship also follows the prescribed methods of dealing with the thick-headed, big-boned lover, who from bucolic John Ridd is become the exiled Roundhead, Hugh Peters. The Doones, the early guardians of Lorna, do not appear in this revision in any guise. The life of the Lady Marjory has none but a historical interest before the time when, in her twenty-fifth year, she becomes the heroine of romance. The elder Peters, the prudent country squire who gives her shelter in her youth, is, with the guardian Doones, felt to be a needless accessory to the career of a heroine who has attained her legal majority, and he is, in consequence, very properly disposed of with an obituary of two sentences. This judicious

editing makes the book shorter by about two thirds, and leaves a fragment that is really quite as symmetrical as the original whole. The excision of the Doones is, all in all, highly commendable.

Some minor characters there are, of course, in "A Puritan's Wife," whose business it is to help the hero along in his adventures; and to enable him at last to get the better of the villain. Hugh Peters, who is John Ridd, tells the story of his successes in the first person, and, like his model, an engaging British bashfulness in the manner of the telling does not conceal from the reader that he is the principal personage of the book. His stupidity is colossal, his courage of the stolid, slow-witted, bull-dog order, and his exploits are so remarkably improbable, that the ingress of heavy John into the Doone Valley by the device of climbing a waterfall sinks into ordinary credibility in comparison. The seventeenth century hero suffers a further loss of dignity by being opposed to a man of much cleverness and charm, a courtier and an altogether pleasant acquaintance, save for his little failing of treacherous intentions toward his rival; a polished, nimble-witted, ready-handed gentleman, who, in his capacity of villain, unfortunately defeats the hero at sword play. Who but the conventional, worthy Briton, when already laboring under the unromantic disadvantage of appearing to his readers as "Hugh Peters," would have taken pains to record of himself such a little fiasco as that sword prick?

Sentence for sentence, "A Puritan's Wife" is better written than "Lorna Doone," and nothing more can be said of it. It is less long-winded than Mr. Blackmore's book; but, on the other hand, it wants the quaintness, the provincial *naïveté*, and the frankly owned desire to tell a love story that have endeared "Lorna Doone" to the popular heart.

The Land o' the Leal, by David Lyall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1896.

"The Land o' the Leal" is, as may readily be guessed from its title, another production of what has been dubbed "The kale-yard school." It is a collection of short stories which have to do, nominally, at least, with Scotch places and people. The tales are sparsely besprinkled with Scotch phrases, and one of them recites the change of heart of a wicked lord, which plainly fixes their scene in an aristocratic country; but beyond these slight auxiliaries, the book relies for local character and color upon geographical allu-

sions alone. Add to this that the writer had not one single story to tell, in the first place, and has evidently chosen fourteen assorted morals and then compiled a plot to illustrate each, and the result is the only possible one,— a book that is a hopeless bore.

King Noanett, by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Boston, New York, and London: Lamson, Wolffe & Co., 1896.

"King Noanett," by Mr. F. J. Stimson, is a story of the adventures of two Englishmen in the American colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts Bay, toward the end of the seventeenth century. The two, Miles Courtenay and a friend, go into the wilderness in search of an English girl who is believed to have been stolen by the Indians. Both men are avowedly devoted to a lost mistress, although neither knows that the other's ladylove is his own. They travel through the settlements in search of her, and the history of their wanderings, gives Mr. Stimson an opportunity to introduce scenes and incidents of American colonial life, upon which he is an authority.

The *dénouement* of the story is suddenly brought about, and its manner is so unexpected as to arouse in the reader almost a suspicion of careless construction. The lady is rescued, and owns her love for Courtenay's friend; Courtenay dies within the hour, pierced by an Indian arrow; and the mysterious Indian chief who has made the adventurers so much trouble is captured, and found to be no other than the lady's own father, who had taken refuge with the savages to escape the vengence of the restored Stuarts, and who had spirited his daughter away in order to have her with him.

Barring this abruptness in the climax, however, the narrative runs along easily, and its interest is evenly maintained. In spite of the dangers which on every side beset the telling of a story of love and venture in the manner of the early seventeenth century, and with the accessories of early colonial setting and incident, Mr. Stimson has made of "King Noanett" a very readable book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

What All the World's A-Seeking, by Ralph Waldo Trine. Boston: G. H. Ellis, 1896. Price, $1.25.

Students' Series of English Classics, Carlyle's Essay on Burns, and *Dryden's Palamon and Arcite*. Boston, New York, and Chicago: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, 1896. Price, each, 35 cents.

Heath's Pedagogical Library. Studies in Historical Method, by Mary Sheldon Barnes, Assistant Professor of Modern History at the Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1896. Price, 90 cents.

Heath's Pedagogical Library. English in American Universities, by Professors in the English Departments of Twenty Representative Institutions; edited, with an Introduction, by William Morton Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1895. Price, $1.00.

First Greek Book, by John Williams White, Ph.D., Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston and London: Ginn & Co., 1896. Price, $1.25.

International Law: A Simple Statement of its Principles, by Herbert Wolcott Bowen. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. Price, $1.25.

Handbook of Courses Open to Women in British, Continental, and Canadian Universities. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1896. Price, fifty cents.

King Noanett, by F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Boston, New York, and London: Lamson, Wolffe & Co., 1896.

A Puritan's Wife, by Max Pemberton, author of "The Little Huguenot," etc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1896. Price, $1.25.

Echoes from the Mountain, by C. E. D. Phelps. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. Price, $1.00.

The Land o' the Leal, by David Lyall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1896. Price, $1.00.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges come to us in vacation. As they lie on the library table beside the larger magazines, the exchanges of "the outside world," we find in one, as in the other set, a predominance of the Christian theme and spirit. This is one of the possessions which we hold in common with the rest of the world.

The *Nassau Magazine* has a pleasant little story called "Christmas Eve," good not for its originality, but because genuine self-sacrifice for another, even in the case of a hungry child and hot rolls, has always the lustre of Sir Philip Sidney's chivalry.

It seems hardly necessary for us to point out again to the *Nassau*, or to any other magazine, our standpoint regarding alumnæ contributions. Because ours is the college, not the undergraduate publication, we welcome articles from the older Wellesley girls. If the alumnæ are a part of the College, as we trust and believe they are, then it is most fitting that their names appear in the Magazine.

"The Song of Boreas," in the *Nassau*, has good spirit and swing. Here are a few stanzas :—

THE SONG OF BOREAS.

When the seagull cries in the Northland skies
And startles the slumbering ocean,
I awake from dreams of the Northern Light
To ravage the waters by day and by night,
Winging my way with a tireless flight
And a dauntless, merciless motion.

Blow, blow,
Wherever I go—
A right royal ruler am I;
I laugh and sing
While the ice-floes ring
And the billows acknowledge their lawful king,
The King of the Northland Sky.

When the skies, cloud-begowned, re-echo the sound
Of the thundering petrel's cry,
And the waves are marshalled in battle array,
In corselets of foam and helmets of spray;
Then woe to the sailor who chances my way,
For the hour of battle is nigh.

Vain, vain
My valiant train
Is the sailor's hope to defy;
And ready at hand,
By the Arctic strand,
Is the towering iceberg, guarding the land
Of the King of the Northland Sky.

The *Amherst Lit.* has forgotten about the Christmas season, or at any rate pays the subject no attention. The first article is an excellent piece of musical verse by A. C. Henderson, which we give in full :—

THE PRELUDE.

Down the cathedral aisles there rushed a sound
  Like the foreboding of some long-imagined woe,—
The solemn breathing of the organ's full-voiced bass,
  A seashore whisper gently soft and low.
It seemed to roll thro' every vacant space
  And fill the air with some mysterious dread;
O'er stall and choir, o'er tomb and sepulchre
  Its quivering tide flowed on o'er quick and dead.

Then from the clouded background of mere sound
  There stole a note of music sweet and clear;
Like touch of cool hand on a fevered brow,
  It brought a sense of some loved presence near,
As though some radiant angel pure and strong
  Had heard the organ throb, and downward flew
To tune its mighty note to his clear voice,
  And bring it into concord sweet and true.

The slender strain flowed onward like a stream
  Fretting its banks and curling 'round the stones;
Growing in volume as it gathered strength,
  Still louder, freer rang its swelling tones.
Upward it surged, and ever upward rose
  As to ideals it could ne'er attain,
Then paused; then softly, slowly did subside,
  And the hushed organ was at rest again.

—*The Amherst Lit.*

The other most seriously interesting thing in this number is called "The Amherst Spirit of Complaint." It is something to set to thinking several people outside of Amherst. This is one suggestive paragraph:—

Something is radically wrong when education is so misconceived, or rather unconceived, that it is considered not a process of personal acquisition, a slow growth in self-poise and self-power, to be gained at any price, but a mechanically adjusted and arbitrarily governed system, to be rejected at will, of learning facts by rote. A college gives an opportunity for education. The utilization of that opportunity depends on the student. A course of study means that the college will, to the best of its ability, back the student selecting that course, and that it will give him the benefit of the learning and experience of an expert in that line; provided, always, that the student wants help and advice. It is not here assumed that Amherst College is perfect in its appointments. Few colleges do not suffer from the misjudgments of those who are or have been in power. It is, nevertheless, asserted that Amherst offers excellent educational opportunities in many lines, that a majority of her professors are men of learning, and a few of them men of wide sympathy, and that it is indefensible for a student to criticise unfavorably opportunities of value which have come to him gratuitously.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* we notice an interesting story with an hypnotic theme, "A Christmas Mystery." "The Story of Christine," savors rather too much of the high romantic. It is not quite natural, either in theme or narration. "The Choice of Death" has a strong subject, and is more than fairly well done.

The *Polytechnic* seems hardly up to a fair standard this month. "A Strange Christmas Gift" and "The Priest of Osiris" are both painful and impossible in subject, and have no art of treatment to justify their publication. "The Confessions of a Pilgrim" is better, and "Paracelsus" is interesting. Several other things are only slightly funny, and do not raise the tone of the magazine. Let the *Polytechnic* not try to be flippant.

We are glad to hear from the *Round Table* of the forthcoming Greek play to be given at Beloit.

The *Smith Monthly* is a particularly good number. The critique on "Sir George Tressady" is discriminating and forcible. "The Independent in Politics" is seriously good. This is the last paragraph, which sums up the position of the writer:—

> We have seen that the Independent movement accomplishes a good more negative than positive; that its most highly organized and ambitious form can only accomplish half its purpose, and that it has the disadvantages of a reform imposed from without; while the work of the internal reformers is slow, but thorough and permanent,—such that when accomplished it will be a complete regeneration of party life. Then let us hope that every man who has the improvement of American politics sincerely at heart, will stay faithfully by his chosen party, whichever that may be.

"A Castle in the Air" is a beautiful bit of work, with the genuine ring of feeling.

In the *Mount Holyoke* we notice a well-told modern story, "Orpheus and Eurydice, revised version," and a well-told mediæval story, "The Bells of Yss." The leading article, on "The Vein of Mystery in Literature," is interesting, but, as such a large subject, would be more effective if further developed.

The *Brown Magazine* contains a thoughtful sketch of Emily Dickinson's work and style.

The Christmas number of the *Yale Courant* comes out in a charming booklet form. It gives a light and merry "Saint Nicholas—His Roundelay," and a good little story of "Chivalry."

The *Yale Lit.* has a reflective article on "The Secret Places," very penetrating and thoughtful. "Dobson and a Clown" is cleverly put.

We add this verse, which we think has caught the spirit of its forerunners and original.

THE FRIAR AND ROBIN HOOD.

"Barefoot friar in cowl and gown,
Wandering, wandering, town to town,
Frozen in winter,—parched with heat,
Sackcloth clothing,—little to eat.
For lusty youth in the spring of life
Temptations there always be
Of wine and women, song and strife,
But what hath tempted thee?
The warmest fire and the softest bed,
And a jug of nut-brown ale,
To thee give I, an thou prophesy
Wherein thou wilt soonest fail."

"Sherwood ranger, clad in green,
Bow and quiver on thy back,
Satan's wiles, like a maiden's smiles,
Are never the same, alack.
But chiefest of all the wicked snares
He setteth for men like me
Is greedy avarice. Gold I love,
For gold I seldom see.
The Abbot's purse is large and fat,
The Friar's is lean and emptied;
And merely to share thy guerdon fair
I'll tell thee how I am tempted.
Within the greenwood's broad demesne
I'd bury the Abbot's purse I hold,
And swear that here bold Robin's train
Did beat and rob me of the gold."

Robin notched an arrow fair,
Light it sat upon the string:
"Friar, an angel unaware
Saved thee from a sinful thing;
For Robin Hood, within this wood,
Now beats thee, takes thy purse away;
But since thou prophesiest true,
Come dine with me to-day."

—*Yale Lit.*

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Saturday, January 16.—Professor Coman.
Sunday, January 17.—Rev. Wm. E. Barton.
Sunday, January 24.—Rev. H. M. King.
Monday, January 25.—Concert.
Thursday, January 28.—Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall.
Sunday, January 31.—Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Classical Society held its monthly programme meeting November 21. The subject was Sophocles:—

a. Symposium.
I. Archæological News.
II. Abstract of the Minor Dramas.

b. I. Life and Personality of Sophocles . Ethelyn Price.
II. Comparison of Æschylus and Sophocles . . . . . Annie C. Barnard.
III. Selection from Œdipus Colonne (lines 1,450 through the play) . Miss Fletcher. Edith Ames. Isabel Thyng. Marcia Smith.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held December 12. The programme was as follows:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Mary Spink.
II. Dramatic Representation, Richard III., Act II., Scene 2.
Duchess of York . . . . Gertrude Bushmore.
Queen Elizabeth . . . . Maude Alney.
Son of Clarence . . . . Louise Orton.
Daughter of Clarence . . . Florence Bennett.

III. Dramatic Representation, Henry VI., Part II., Act II., Scene 4.

Duke of Gloucester	Bessie Sullivan.
Duchess of Gloucester	Flora Skinner.
Sir John Stanley	Louise Loomis.
Sheriff, Officer, Servant.	

IV. Dramatic Representation, Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Scene 2.

Agrippa	Helen Capron.
Enobarbus	Joanna Oliver.
Cæsar	Florence Painter.
Antony	Corinne Wagner.
Lepidus	Margaret Merrill.
Octavia	Louise Orton.

V. Dramatic Representation, Henry IV., Part II., Act II., Scene 2.

Falstaff	Geneva Crumb.
Prince Hal	Mary Gilson.
Bardolph	Mary Spink.
Gadshill	Louise McDowell.
Peto	Bertha Straight.
Poins	Elizabeth Cheney.
Travelers.	

Miss Blake, '94, Miss Wellman, '95, and Miss Adams, '96, were present at the meeting.

The Phi Sigma Society held a regular meeting December 12, with the following programme :—

Life and Times of Æschylus	Helen Hunt, '98.
The Trilogy Outlined	Eunice Smith, '98.
The Trilogy as Legend and Myth	Elizabeth Hiscox, '97.

Miss Alma Seipp, '99, was initiated into the Society.

The regular monthly meeting of the Agora was held on December 12, in Elocution Hall, with the following programme :—

Impromptu Speeches.

The relations between Spain and the United States . . . . . Martha Townsend Griswold, '99.
The President's Message . . . Carolyn Davis, '97.
The Dingley Bill . . . . . Miriam Hathaway, '97.

Papers.

The Australian Ballot . . . Julia N. Colles, '97.
The History of the Civil Service . Mabel P. Wall, '97.

A programme meeting of the Classical Society was held January 8. The subject was Euripides. The following is the programme :—

a. Symposium.
I. Archæological News.
b. Discussion.
I. Comparison between Early and Late Greek Tragedy, in Æschylus and Euripides . Professor Chapin.
II. Comparison between Late Greek and Modern Classical Tragedy in Euripides' "Iphigeneia in Tauris" and Goethe's "Iphegenie auf Tauris" . . . . Julia D. Randall.
III. Selection from Media (445–626) . . Louise T. Wood.

COLLEGE NOTES.

We would call the attention of those students who have not yet observed it, to the fact that in the new North Lodge is a pleasant little front room which has been fitted up for the use of those waiting to take electrics.

Nov. 29.—The Class of '97 held a social in the gymnasium, at which the class history for the junior year was presented.

Nov. 30.—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, preached in the chapel.

Dec. 5.—In the afternoon Mrs. Margaret Deland gave a reading in the chapel from her story entitled "Counting the Cost." The problem of the story was, whether a girl who has come to college from illiterate surroundings and has completed her college course in the most satisfactory fashion,

ought to live thereafter for the vocation for which college has fitted her, or for the home people with whom she has grown out of touch. The attempt to handle such a theme by a woman who has had no experience of college life, furnished table talk for two days after the reading. The Literature Department gave a reception in the evening for Mr. and Mrs. Deland. Mrs. Deland again read selections from her own writings.

The same evening the Class of '98 held its annual social in the gymnasium, and the class history for the preceding year was given.

Dec. 6.—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, preached in the chapel.

Dec. 7.—Professor Carl Fehlb, of Boston, gave a piano recital in the chapel.

Dec. 7, 9 and 14.—President Irvine was at home in Norumbega parlor to the members of the senior class.

Dec. 9.—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs paid a short visit to the College. An informal reception was given for her in the evening by the Literature Department.

Dec. 12.—Mrs. Helen Campbell, lecturer on Domestic Science in the University of Wisconsin, spoke at 4.15 in the chapel on "Decoration of Homes."

The Barn Swallows had a Dickens Evening in the gymnasium, with the following programme:—

David Copperfield and Dora have Traddles to dinner.

David	Carrie J. Ham, '98.
Dora	Margaret A. Balch, '99.
Traddles	M. Esther Tebbetts, '97.
Gyp	A Village Skye, Gentleman.

Nicholas Nickleby's first morning in Squeers's school.

Squeers	Bessie B. Thomas, '99.
Mrs. Squeers	Mary B. Charlton, '98.
Nicholas	Annette C. Gates, '97.
Miss Squeers	Isabel D. Hoes, 1900.
Smike	Alice M. Austin, '98.
Boys	Helen M. Flower, '98. Minnie C. Bridgman, '99. Agnes E. Fairlie, '99.

Quilp surprises an "unexpected" hen party in his house.

Quilp	Elizabeth M. Lane, '99.
Mrs. Quilp	Theodosia G. Sargeant, '98.
Mrs. Quilp's Mother	Sydna E. Pritchard, '97.
Lady Friends	Mary Rogers, '98. Leah Burt, '99. Alice M. Kirkpatrick, '99.

During the *entre-actes* the audience sang college songs, and after the scenes were over, danced till bedtime.

Dec. 13.—Rev. Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., preached in the chapel. In the evening Christmas vespers were held in the chapel, music being furnished by the Glee Club and the Beethoven Society. The programme was the following:—

Organ Prelude.
Hymn 319.
Reading of the Scriptures.
Anthem . . . . . Rheinbeyer.
Prayer.
Carols . . . . . Schilling.
Holy Christmas Night . . . . . Lassen.
Hymn 329.
Carols . . . . . Barnby.
Christmas Cantata: "The Angels of the Bells" . . Foster.
Hymn 322.
Organ Postlude: "Hallelujah Chorus" . . . Händel.

Dec. 14.—In the afternoon Miss Dennison, Miss Starr, Miss Meade, Miss Boutelle, Miss Piper, Miss Holmes, Miss Graff, and Miss Ordway gave a frost *fete* for their friends in the gymnasium.

Miss Schmidt, of Boston, gave a stereoptieon lecture in the chapel on "Italian Art."

Dec. 16.—College closed for the Christmas vacation.

Dec. 31.—Mr. Leander Crawford, who has been associated with the College since its founding, died at his home in the college grounds. The funeral services took place on Sunday, January 3, in the college chapel.

Dr. Alexander McKenzie, President of the Board of Trustees, and Dr. Edward L. Clark, of Boston, officiated.

Jan. 7.—College reopened for the winter term.

Jan. 9.—The new students' parlor in College Hall, joint gift from the Classes of '94 and '96, was opened, and President Irvine, Dean Stratton, and Miss Young, '96, held an informal reception there for the students. The parlor has been made by throwing the two rooms on the west side of the first floor south center into one. The walls are a rich, quiet green; the deep new window seats, and a great settee that runs the length of the east side of the room, are green, also; and the hangings are crimson. The picture of four or five field maidens, in brilliant robes, has been brought from the south vestibule of the Art Building to this room. Queen Louise has come in from the hall outside, and the Cenci in Prison is promised. We have an upright piano, for which the students are confidently expecting the Faculty to exchange the "grand" now in the Horsford Parlor. Appreciation of this room has been expressed by an enthusiastic use of it. On the night after the opening, when Mrs. Ballington Booth kindly offered to answer any questions that might be put after her talk in the chapel was over, she was taken at once to the new parlor, instead of to the much larger Horsford room, with the result that crowded-out students stood seven deep in the hall, trying vainly to hear. Every evening, after dinner, the room is filled with girls, and the gathering-place outside the dining-room doors is falling quite into disuse. After the opening of the parlor, English VI. was invited by Miss Hart to meet Mr. Bliss Carman in the Horsford Parlor. Mr. Carman read a number of his poems, choosing at random from "Vagabondia," and from a collection yet in scrap-book form.

Jan. 10.—Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, preached in the chapel.

In the evening Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the American Volunteers, addressed the students on her work among the prisons. Afterwards, in the students' parlor, she spoke at somewhat greater length about Hope Hall, her New York home, where men just out of prison may live until they find employment.

Jan. 11.—A string quartette from the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in the chapel.

The Class of 1900 is the first freshman class to organize before mid-year. Officers have been elected as follows: president, Margaret Hall; vice president, Corinne Abercrombie; recording secretary, Jeannette Capps; corresponding secretary, Geraldine Gordon; treasurer, Margaret Byington; factotums, Alice Knox, Ethel Bowman; executive committee, Mary Rockwell, Hilda Meisenbach, Katharine Ball.

The college lists, published by '97, are now on sale in the bookstore. They contain, as last year, the names of the trustees and officers of instruction and government, the names, home addresses and class rank of all the students, also lists of the officers of the various college clubs and organizations, and of the officers and members of the college societies.

In October a call was issued to all graduate students now studying at Wellesley, and to all women who had at any time taken the degree of M.A. here, to meet to consider the formation of a Wellesley Graduate Club. After several meetings the Club was organized, with the following officers: president, Clara M. Keefe, '88; secretary, Grace B. Townsend, '96; treasurer, Bertha C. Marshall, Lake Forest University, '93. The object of the Club is to promote interest in graduate instruction, both at Wellesley and in other colleges; to secure representation for Wellesley at the Federation of Graduate Clubs; and to promote social intercourse among the graduate students now in College. Eligible to membership are: all students ranked as graduate students now working at Wellesley, whether their degree was taken here or elsewhere; all graduates of Wellesley who have done not less than a year's graduate work at some other college. The convention of the Federation of Graduate Clubs was held at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore on December 29 and 30. Miss Ellen F. Pendleton, '86, was sent as a delegate from the Wellesley Graduate Club.

A Biology Club, similar to the clubs which have existed for the last two years, has been started among the students in the higher Zoölogy courses, under the direction of the Misses Claypole. It holds its meetings once a month, and discusses some of the most interesting of the scientific questions which, for lack of time, cannot be treated in class. Its programme of work so far has been as follows:—

October.—The Germ Theory of Disease, Miss Edith Claypole.
Recent News of Scientific Interest, Mary Rogers, '98.

November.—The History of Evolution . Mabel Wall, '97.
Evidences of Evolution . . . Grace Laird, '97.

A general discussion on the subject of Vivisection, for the benefit of those taking that forensic subject.

December.—Rival Theories of Evolution:

Lamarck . . . Frederika Moore, '98.
Darwin . . . . Katherine Wetmore, '97.

January.—Rival Theories of Heredity:

Hertwig . . . . Louise Barker, '98.
Weisman . . . Miss Agnes Claypole.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Wellesley alumnæ records should not fail to make mention with pride and pleasure of the scholarly achievements of Miss Eliza H. Kendrick, '85, known to recent Wellesley students as an inspiring teacher in the department of Bible, during 1893–95. Miss Kendrick received in 1895, from Boston University, the degree of Ph.D. in Biblical Languages and Literature. Besides studying under Prof. H. G. Mitchell, of Boston University, Miss Kendrick worked in Assyrian with Professor Lyon, at Cambridge; and was honored with the privilege of attending, as a guest, lectures in the department of New Testament of the Harvard Divinity School.

Ellen F. Pendleton, '86, represented the newly formed "Graduate Club of Wellesley College" at the recent convention of graduate clubs in Baltimore.

Eleanor Sherwin, '89, has been appointed Reader in Greek and Latin at Chicago University.

We clip from the Report of Association of Collegiate Alumnæ the following notice:—

The European Fellowship of the A. C. A. was awarded to Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt, of Wellesley (A.B. '89, A.M. '92), for special work in History and Political Science. Miss Blauvelt taught five years, during three of which she held the chair of Greek at Elmira College. In the summer of 1895 Miss Blauvelt studied in Germany. The year 1895–96 was spent at Oxford.

Her course was that leading up to the research degree, which was opened last year to men, but which has not yet been opened to women. Miss Blauvelt is doing original work in connection with the History and Development of Cabinet Government in England. The Professors of History at Oxford speak in high terms of Miss Blauvelt's work. Professor Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History, expresses the hope that as soon as the work is finished Miss Blauvelt will bring it out in book form, as it is valuable and is needed. If, as has been predicted in some quarters, the next vote at Oxford to grant degrees to women is "yes" instead of "no," we may expect to find Miss Blauvelt's work crowned with the research degree.

Mabel A. Manson, '90, is teaching Greek and Latin in the Portsmouth, N. H., High School.

Frances Knapp, '91, in collaboration with Miss R. L. Childe, has lately published a book on "The Thlinkets of Alaska." A review of the work says: "Miss Knapp's father was for several years governor of Alaska, and residence at Sitka gave both authors unusual opportunity for careful work. This work is a distinct addition to the literature of Alaska."

The engagement of Emma M. Squires, '91, is announced.

Clara M. Burt, '92, has been awarded a fellowship in Chemistry at Columbia.

Elizabeth Perry, '93, is teaching in the High School of Barre, Mass.

Mary Brigham Hill, who is taking graduate work at Radcliffe this year, was the delegate from the Radcliffe Graduate Club to the Federation of Graduate Clubs in Baltimore.

Carolyn J. Peck, '94, is teaching in Milton, Mass.

Julia E. Phelps, '95, is teaching in Andes, N. Y.

Lillian Swett, '96, is acting as proof reader for the Republican Press Association, in Concord, N. H.

L. Constance Emerson, '96, spent Sunday, November 28, at the college.

At the recent "Vassar Bazaar," in Chicago, the various colleges were represented. Wellesley's booth, decorated in the college blue, was under the care of Miss Pike, '92, Miss Pitkin, '95, Miss Belfield, '96, and other "old girls."

Miss Emily Leonard, special, '85–89, is teaching Psychology and English, in the Normal School, at Fitchburg, Mass.

Miss Carrie Harrison, who did advanced work in the college botanical laboratories in '94–95 and '95–96, is now occupying a high position on the staff of the National Herbarium, under the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

Miss Jennie C. Newcomb, special, '85–'87, and later Assistant in the Botany Department, is now an active member of the Salvation Army.

A meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on Saturday afternoon, December 19, at the home of Miss Grace Underwood, 145 West 58th Street, New York. The Club was entertained by readings, by Miss Collins, pianoforte playing, by Miss Beals and Miss Mitchell, and songs by Mrs. Van Lennep.

A special meeting of the Chicago Wellesley Club was called by the president for the annual meeting usually held in November.

The meeting was held at the home of Miss May Pitkin, '95, 234 East Avenue, Oak Park, Ill. The business of the election of officers was postponed until the November meeting, in accordance with a motion carried at the meeting.

At about 2.30 P. M. Mrs. Crosby Adams claimed the willing attention of the members present by a lecture recital, "The Orchestra," with special reference to the personnel of the Chicago Orchestra and the music of the season.

A most instructive afternoon was spent in listening to Miss Adams, whose efforts were supplemented by the exhibition of illustrations of various musical scores and pictures of instruments. Following the lecture, refreshments were served, after which the Club adjourned.

Through a misunderstanding the Wellesley Alumnæ lists of the College Settlement Association were not submitted to the Alumnæ elector for correction before they were ready for the printer, and an error of $13 has has appeared in these lists. The amount contributed for 1895–96 by the

Wellesley Alumnæ was $866.25, instead of $853.25. All whose subscriptions were not duly recorded on the printed lists will be notified by the elector. She will be glad to be informed of any other necessary corrections.

Wellesley subscribers to the College Settlements Association may be interested to see the exact amounts contributed to the Association for 1895–96 by Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar, respectively: Smith College subscription, $507, Alumnæ subscription, $464.17, total, $971.17; Vassar College subscription, $235.75, Alumnæ subscription, $721, total, $956.75; Wellesley College subscription, $316, Alumnæ subscription, $866.25, total, $1,182.25.

During November and December there has been given at the College Settlement in Philadelphia a course of lectures on "Proposed Remedies for Existing Social Disorders." The subjects have been: "The Single Tax," "Trades Unionism," "Government Ownership of Natural Monopolies," "Prohibition," "Fabian Socialism," and "The Competitive System."

On January 6 a lecture on Window Gardening will be given at the Philadelphia Settlement, by John C. Lewis, under the auspices of the Civic Club. It is the intention of the Civic Club to distribute, free of cost, plants to all those who desire them for the purpose of beautifying their homes.

Miss Marion Ballou, formerly a special student at Wellesley, is spending a part of the winter at the Philadelphia Settlement.

The graduate chapter of Bryn Mawr has undertaken a circulating library of Settlement literature for the benefit of its members.

A Christmas gift of $12.36, in the name of Wellesley, was presented to the Philadelphia Settlement by the girls of the Walnut Lane Seminary, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIAGES.

Taussig–Brewster.—In New York City, Dec. 12, 1896, Miss Sophia L. Brewster, '80, to Mr. Walter M. Taussig.

Ells–Ely.—In Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 30, 1896, Miss Marion A. Ely, 89, to Dr. Benjamin F. Ells, of Rockford, Ill.

CRISTY–MAYSE.—In Washington, D. C., Nov. 26, 1896, Miss Elizabeth Mayse, '92, to Mr. Jesse E. Cristy. At home at 595 Orchard Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOOPER–COURSER.—In Dover, N. H., July 8, 1896, Miss Alice Bertha Courser, '92, to Mr. A. Frank Hooper, of Bridgewater, Mass.

SMITH–BIXBY.—In Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 31, 1896, Miss Sarah Hathaway Bixby, '94, to Mr. Arthur Maxson Smith. At home 220 West State Street, Marshall, Mich.

FLAGG–PRESSEY.—At Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1896, Miss Edna Frances Pressey, '94, to Mr. Charles Fobes Flagg, brother of Nancy Flagg, special, '91–94.

O'BRIEN–JAMES.—At Westchester, Pa., Dec. 15, 1896, Miss Helen James, '95, to Mr. Archibald Maclean O'Brien.

THOMAS–WILT.—In Dayton, Ohio, Oct. 13, 1896, Miss Mary Dennison Wilt, formerly of '97, to Dr. Jerome B. Thomas, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

SMITH–HUBBARD.—In Brooklyn, on Dec. 23, 1896, Miss Isabel D. Hubbard, special, '87–88, to Mr. Henry Wilson Smith, of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

BIRTHS.

November 30, 1896, in Chicago, Ill., a daughter to Mrs. Grace Gruber Clayes, '92.

December 23, 1896, at Rosemont, Pa., a son, William H. Weimer, 3d, to Mrs. Grace Ford Weimer, '95.

October 16, '96, a son, Hamlin Ryder, to Mrs. Marie Ryder Sylvester, formerly of '96.

DEATHS.

In Seattle, Washington, Nov. 14, '96, Mrs. Nellie Mitchell Towne, formerly of '83.

In Fitchburg, Jan. 7, 1897, Dr. Lyman Jewett, father of Mrs. Helen Jewett Young, '84.

In Savannah, Ga., Nov. 30, 1896, Mrs. William Pearson Hardee, mother of Elizabeth B. Hardee, '94.

In Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 5, 1896, Llewellyn Bixby, father of Sarah Bixby, '94, and Anne L. Bixby, formerly of '97.

In Longwood, Mass., Dec. 7, 1896, Alice Maud Hollander, special, '88–90.

In Wellesley, Mass., Dec. 31, 1896, Mr. Leander M. Crawford, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds of Wellesley College.

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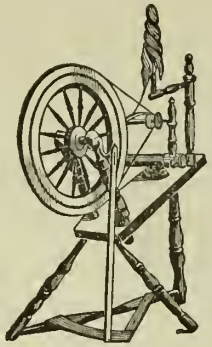

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